

# THE LIVING AGE:

*A Weekly Magazine of Contemporary Literature and Thought.*

(FOUNDED BY E. LITTELL IN 1844.)

SEVENTH SERIES  
VOLUME XIX.

NO. 3072. MAY 23, 1903.

FROM BEGINNING  
Vol. CXXXVII.

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## NAPOLEON ON AMERICA AND THE AMERICANS.

### I.

"This accession of territory strengthens for ever the power of the United States. . . . I have given to England a maritime rival that sooner or later will humble her pride."

Thus spoke Napoleon to Barbé-Marbois when, in 1803, he ceded Louisiana to the United States.

Now that they are to celebrate the centenary of that cession, it is opportune, and it may be interesting, to examine what the foremost man of the last century, at different stages of his career, thought, said, and wrote about the statesmen and the institutions of the country administered by Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe.

"In my youth," Napoleon observed to Montholon at St. Helena, "I, too, had illusions. But I soon recovered from them." Was Bonaparte, while a student at the military schools of Brienne and Paris, fanned by the flames of enthusiasm which then swept through France, and finally forced Louis XVI. to espouse the cause of the American States, and to contract an alliance with them against George III. and Great Britain? While Marie Antoinette and the Court, the noblesse and the bourgeoisie, the magistracy and the clergy were anxious to have the rebels succeed, because of hatred against

England, and while the philosophers and the gazetteers, the pamphleteers and the poets, the scientists and the men about town acclaimed the rebels, because they considered them exponents of the doctrines of Voltaire and Rousseau, Bonaparte is not on record as among those who capitulated to the fashionable infatuation. In his familiar letters, in his juvenile essays, in his random notes we find no more or less flattering allusions to America, as we find them in the contemporary writings of Turgot, Chamfort, Chénier, Cabanis, Lepelletier, Beaumarchais, D'Alembert, Volney, Lebrun, Parny, Destutt de Tracy, Vicq d'Azyr, and Joseph de Maistre. The precocious cadet from Corsica, the sentimental disciple of Rousseau, gives no sign that in the days of his adolescence he was thrilled by the words and deeds of those audacious "insurgents" of Massachusetts, Virginia, and Pennsylvania, who were so warmly championed by La Fayette, Mathieu Dumas, Ségur, Mirabeau, Constant, Garat, Lacretelle, Grimm, Diderot, Delille, Morellet, Dupont de Nemours, and Condorcet. Athens and Sparta appealed to him with more potent charm than Boston and Philadelphia. Paoli and Plutarch seemed to enthral him more than Franklin and Washington. Bonaparte, when a lieutenant, read Mably and corresponded with Raynal, authors of

popular books on America. He was, doubtless, familiar with the "Poor Richard's Almanack" of Benjamin Franklin, and the "Common Sense" of Thomas Paine, two publications which, in translated form, then had considerable vogue. Inquisitive and impressionable, he may have made incursions into the extensive literature produced by the war and the alliance—volumes by Chastellux, Crèvecoeur, Robin, Soulès, Joly de Saint Vallier, Hilliard d'Auberteuil, and Brissot de Warville. Contemporaneous memoirs and letters, however, vouchsafe no positive proof on these points. Nor, on the eve of that mighty upheaval when Louis XVI. was pushed from his throne and the French Republic was proclaimed, do we know whether Bonaparte realized with Barnave, Chateaubriand, Fontanes, Rivarol, Romilly, Arthur Young and Sénac de Meilhan that the revolution in America had been a proximate cause of the revolution in France.

## II.

It was when Bonaparte became First Consul that he began overtly to give a hint of his private opinion and public policy with regard to America and the Americans. While the young general was absent in Italy and Egypt, the Directory, led by Barras and Talleyrand, had almost embroiled the former allied nations. Questions of neutrality, of contraband, of search, of prizes, of tribute had arisen between France and America. Diplomatic intercourse was jeopardized. Pinckney, Marshall and Gerry, the envoys, were treated with scant courtesy. War seemed so imminent that Adams called upon Washington to leave his retreat at Mount Vernon and again take command of the army of the Union. Bonaparte, on attaining virtual supremacy, soon made it clear that he deemed it

expedient to foster and maintain amicable relations with the new democratic State. When Monroe was recalled, Barras had pompously told him that the French Republic expected "the successors of Columbus, of Raleigh, and of Penn," ever proud of their liberty, never to forget that they owed that liberty to France. Bonaparte, with perhaps quite as incongruous a notion of historic sequences as Barras, was more conciliatory. Though probably as dissatisfied as was Talleyrand with the Jay Treaty, which tended to bring together Great Britain and the United States, two Powers that he ever considered it politic to keep estranged, the victorious dictator received Vans Murray, Davis and Ellsworth, the new envoys of the United States, most cordially, and a convention was agreed upon to secure indemnities for spoiliations of the shipping trade and to establish precautions for preventing breaches of neutrality. Bonaparte, for the time, assumed a more than correctly affable tone toward America. When tidings of Washington's death reached him, he was keen to utilize the event for dramatic effects. First, he issued a general order to the army and commanded that banners and standards be draped with *crêpe*. "Washington is dead," read the order. "That great man fought against tyranny; he consolidated the independence of his country. His name will ever be dear to all the freemen of both worlds, and especially to French soldiers who, like him and his American soldiers, are fighting for liberty and equality." Then, Fontanes, the official orator, was induced to deliver a funeral panegyric in which he insidiously flattered the ambitions of Bonaparte while he professedly lauded the virtues of Washington. La Fayette, in his memoirs, complains that he was not invited when public honors were paid to Washington. The omis-

sion is readily explained. La Fayette was never a favorite with Bonaparte. They rarely agreed. The general regarded the knight-errant as a visionary in politics, and he always treated him with a polite tolerance not unmixed with a certain contempt. When they met at Mortefontaine, during the Consulate, Bonaparte, ever eager for information at first-hand, questioned La Fayette about America, about the personality of Washington, about the campaigns of the American Revolution. Bonaparte did not seem impressed. La Fayette left him cold and sceptical. The jaded sentimentalist then, perhaps, shared the views of a writer who, a few years before, had taken quite as boyish a delight as himself in those iridescent bubbles, liberty, equality, fraternity. Joseph de Maistre was that writer. In his "*Considérations sur la France*," published in 1797, he wrote, "People cite the example of America. I know nothing that puts me so much out of patience as the fulsome praise lavished on that child still in its swaddling-clothes. Let it grow up!" Bonaparte, now disillusioned, had lost faith in systems of self-government. He held and stated that Great Britain and the United States would one day give themselves an absolute master. Meanwhile he determined, in his day, to be the absolute master of France. Great Britain, scornful of his claims, dispenser of subsidies, mistress of the seas, he considered his most redoubtable opponent. How to circumvent that foe, how to embarrass her, how to make her abate her pretensions, became the main object of his foreign policy. Continually he sought to pit other States against her, and now, with his usual quick lucidity, he saw possibilities of advantage in the nascent importance of the United States. On one occasion, at least, he did not disdain to allude to then recent history in order to annoy the English. Michael

Kelly, the opera singer, tells us in his memoirs that when Lord Guilford, son of Lord North, was presented at a levée at the Tuilleries, Bonaparte said to him, "My Lord, your father was a very great man." Then he turned aside, and sneeringly added aloud to one of his entourage, "Was it not he who lost America for England? Yes, he was a very great man indeed."

Great Britain and France were in 1803 again at the point of open hostilities. The truce of Amiens was at an end. Bonaparte needed money. He summoned Decrès and Barbé-Marbois, two of his ministers, to a council at Saint Cloud. He desired their advice on the possible sale of Louisiana to the United States. Decrès was strongly opposed to the cession. Barbé-Marbois favored the sale as a war measure. Bonaparte, who had probably already come to a decision in his own mind, concurred with the opinion of Barbé-Marbois.

"I know the value of Louisiana," he is said to have remarked, "and I have wished to repair the error of the French negotiator who abandoned it in 1762. I have recovered it on paper through some lines in a treaty; but I have hardly done so when I am about to lose it again. But if it escapes me, it shall one day be a dearer cost to those who force me to give it up than the cost to those to whom I will surrender it. The English have successively taken from France, Canada, the Isle Royal, Newfoundland, Acadie, and the richest territories of Asia. They are intriguing and fomenting disturbances in San Domingo. They shall not have the Mississippi which they covet. . . . Louisiana is nothing in comparison with their aggrandizement in all parts of the globe. . . . I contemplate turning it over to the United States. I should hardly be able to say I ceded it to them, for we are not yet in possession of it. But even a short delay may leave me nothing but a vain title to transmit to these Republicans whose friendship I seek. . . . I need money

to war on a nation which has it in abundance. . . . Perhaps it will be objected that the Americans will be found too powerful for Europe in two or three centuries. But my foresight takes no count of terrors at a distance. Moreover, you may look to the future for dissensions in the bosom of the Union. The confederations which are called perpetual only endure until one of the parties to the contract finds reason to break it. . . . It is not only New Orleans that I will cede; it is the whole colony without any reservation. I know the price of what I abandon. . . . I renounce it with the greatest regret. To attempt obstinacy to retain it would be folly. I direct you to negotiate this affair with the envoys of the United States. Do not even await the arrival of M. Monroe. Have an interview this very day with M. Livingston. . . . I require a great sum of money for this war, and I should not like to commence it by levying new taxes."

Bonaparte encountered fitful opposition to the cession of Louisiana. Joseph and Lucien, his brothers, were especially outspoken in their antagonism to his project. But the prospect of receiving some sixty million francs was alluring, and the procedure could be justified in resonant phrases. "To emancipate nations from the commercial tyranny of England," said Bonaparte, according to Barbé-Marbois, "it is necessary to balance her influence by a maritime power that may one day become her rival. That power is the United States. The English aspire to dispose of all the riches of the Universe. I shall be useful to the whole world if I can prevent them dominating America as they dominate Asia."

### III.

Napoleon, as Emperor, was alternately conciliatory and truculent in his dealings with America. Imperious and impatient, his irritation was marked when the Government at Washington

showed any disinclination to yield to the dictates of his arbitrary will.

Armstrong, the successor of Livingston as minister resident of the United States in Paris, in a letter written to Madison in December, 1804, recapitulates some of the reasons of umbrage in high quarters. "I have employed every means in my power," wrote he, "to ascertain the cause. . . . and have learned from a person sufficiently near him to know the fact that this temper originated in representations made by Leclerc and others from St. Domingo; that it has since been kept alive by the incident of the war in that country, the trade carried on between it and the United States, the freedom with which he is treated in our Press, the matrimonial connection of Jerome, and, above all, the support which principles which he wishes to extinguish in France receive from the progressing prosperity of the United States." Livingston, when on a visit to the capital in the days of the Empire, was graciously received by Napoleon and presented with a jewelled snuff-box. Armstrong, the resident minister, was treated with barely frigid civility. The cautious, temporizing diplomacy of Jefferson and Madison annoyed the master, who dictated despatches to his foreign ministers, Champagny and Talleyrand. He craved to have the Republic frankly arrayed with him against Great Britain. Strenuous for the execution of his Decrees, he, in 1808, pronounced an insulting speech in the Corps Législatif: "Russia and Denmark have united with me. The United States have preferred to renounce commerce and the sea rather than recognize their slavery." There were lowering clouds over the chanceries of the two nations. All kinds of restraints were placed upon the merchant ships plying between France and America. Yet, in 1812, Napoleon, when he accorded an interview to Joel Bar-



low, deigned to be friendly, if patronizing: "As to the commerce between the two countries, I desire to favor it," said he. "I am great enough to be just. But, on your own part, you must defend your dignity against my enemies and those of the Continent. Have a flag, and I will do all you can desire." The United States in declared hostility to Great Britain was one of the cardinal aims of the Imperial statecraft.

*Laissez les dogues d'Angleterre  
S'entremordre, se déchirer—*

Dorat, the poet, had advised years before. Napoleon, in 1812, rather enjoyed the prospect of the renewed fight between those two breeds of Anglo-Saxons.

"America," said he in February, 1813, addressing the Corps Législatif, "America has had recourse to war in order to enforce respect for her flag. The good wishes of the world are hers in this glorious contest. If this contest ends by obliging the enemies of the Continent to recognize that the flag covers the merchandise and the equipage, and that neutrals ought not to submit to a paper blockade, as stipulated by the treaty of Utrecht, America will have deserved well of all the nations. Posterity will say that the Old World has lost its rights and that the New World has recovered them."

#### IV.

Exile afforded Napoleon many long hours for indulgence in retrospective speculation. Diarists were ever at hand to record his sayings. He touched upon almost an infinitude of topics. America was not passed over in silence. At Elba, he had frequent conversations with Neil Campbell who, in his journal, reproduces them. The war of 1812 seemed to have a piquant attraction for the exile. He loved to revert to it as a subject of table talk. "America behaved with spirit in the

matter of search," he observed to Neil Campbell. "He thought their State correspondence with us was very well written, and contained much sound reasoning." Laughingly he twitted Neil Campbell. "Ah, you always treat the Americans as though they were still your subjects!" Napoleon again and again gave evidence of the trend of his thoughts.

When I informed him that some regiments were about to be sent to America, he inquired whether it was intended to conquer a part of the American States. . . . He was extremely inquisitive as to the force sent to America. When Captain Usher told him that 25,000 men were sent from Lord Wellington's army, and that the Americans had lost in him their best friend, he asked whether it was intended to subjugate them entirely, for such a force could not be meant only to oblige them to make peace. He again expressed his opinion that our Ministers intended to take Louisiana and Florida. . . . He said that England had not acted generously in prosecuting the war against America, but showed a spirit of inveterate revenge. It weakened her voice at present at the Congress, so great a portion of her force being absent from Europe. She had not occupied Louisiana, nor acquired any great or permanent object. The Americans would gradually improve, and we should have to be satisfied to make peace without having gained any accession of strength or power. Our character, after standing lately so high in the eyes of all Europe, would diminish by the sort of warfare in which we indulged against private property, trading vessels, store houses, and so forth.

Colburn, in 1818, in London, published a curious little pamphlet, somewhat fanciful in tone, by an anonymous American who, in July, 1814, describes an interview he had with Napoleon at Elba.

He approached me and said in a sharp tone, "What is it has brought you hither?"

"Sire, I am travelling for my instruction. I have a desire to become acquainted with the Isle of Elba."

"There is nothing very curious in it. Who are you?"

"Sire, I am an American."

"Ah, you are an American! The Americans are the only people who have never been my enemies."

By degrees I observed that his countenance assumed a more complacent expression, which was a great relief to me, for I felt myself ill at ease when he spoke so harshly. I answered with a gentle inclination of the head. He added, "You are still at war with the English?"

"Yes, Sire, but I hope peace will be concluded without delay."

"That will be well. Now that I am no longer in the way to occupy the English, you could not contend against them. The Americans are a brave people."

Vivian, in 1839, gave publicity to the minutes of a conversation he had with Napoleon in January, 1815, at Elba.

Speaking of the Americans, he said they wanted a ten years' war to make them a nation; that at present they had no noblesse, which they would acquire by a war; that they were now a nation of merchants (*une nation de marchands*), as was shown in the sale of Jefferson's library to the highest bidder. . . . I did not understand the allusion, but he laughed when he made the observation. . . . He then said something of a great project he had with respect to Mexico, of which I could not catch the meaning, and observed that we should one day or other lose Canada. . . . He said, that when America became more powerful, she would probably rival us in our marine.

Still *apropos* of the second war between Great Britain and the United States, Napoleon seemed to experience a grim satisfaction in taunting such Englishmen as he met with their discomfort.

"How do they manage to defeat you on the sea?" Napoleon asked Ebring-

ton, to whom he granted interviews at Elba. They were talking of the Americans.

I answered that their frigates were of larger size and more fully manned.

"But it's nevertheless true they're defeating you."

Napoleon smiled when he said this, and then entered into some discussion on the grounds of the war, and concluded with this parting shaft at Ebrington and the English:—

You had better make peace. You will gain more by trading with them than by burning their towns.

After Waterloo, Napoleon appears to have thought of America as a haven of refuge. Fleury de Chaboulon, in his memoirs, recounts the interview he had with the fallen chief at Malmesbury, in 1815:—

"I will go to the United States. They will give me lands, or I will purchase some, and cultivate them. I will end where man began; I will live on the produce of the earth and my flocks." . . . "But do you think that the English will allow you to cultivate your fields in peace?" asked the secretary. "Why not? What harm could I do them?" "What harm, Sire? Has your Majesty forgotten that you have made England tremble? As long as you live, Sire, or as long as you are free, England will fear your efforts and your genius. You were perhaps less dangerous to her on the degraded throne of Louis XVIII. than you would be in the United States. The Americans love and admire you; you might exercise influence upon them; prompt them, perhaps, to enterprises fatal to England." Napoleon here interposed with objections. "What enterprises?" he asked. "The English know well that the Americans would all allow themselves to be killed in defence of their native soil, but they do not at all like to enter upon warlike enterprises abroad. They have not yet arrived at the stage of seriously alarming the English. Some day, perhaps, they will become the avengers of the seas. But

that time, which I might have hastened, is now remote. The Americans are growing but slowly."

On the voyage to St. Helena, Napoleon conversed freely with Cockburn, of the *Northumberland*, who makes this entry in the diary which he kept:—

At dinner, Buonaparte told me, when talking about our late contests with America, that Mr. Maddison (*sic*) was too late in declaring his war, and that he never made any requisitions to France for assistance; but that he (Buonaparte) would very willingly have lent any number of line-of-battle ships Mr. Maddison (*sic*) might have wished, if American seamen could have been sent to man them and carry them over.

At St. Helena Napoleon spoke of America and the Americans to Montholon, to Las-Cases, to O'Meara. Las-Cases reports him as saying, "America was our true asylum, looked at from every point of view. It is an immense Continent, where there is an especial degree of freedom. If you are melancholy you can get into a wagon and ride thousands of miles. . . . You are an equal there of any one. You lose yourself at will in the crowd. . . . See how everything prospers in the United States, and that without effort. See how happy and tranquil people are there. That is because the public interest is supreme there." This reads like a florid page from Raynal, or Crèvecoeur, or Chastellux. Las-Cases further records these alleged words of his.

"What a pity I could not reach America! From the other hemisphere I would have protected France against the reactionaries. The fear of my reappearance would have kept in check their violence and their folly." Napoleon, on another occasion, according to Las-Cases, mused aloud about Washington. "When I reached power, some

wished that I should be a Washington. Words cost nothing, and assuredly those who so smoothly uttered that wish did so without knowledge of time, the place, men, and circumstances. If I had been in America I would willingly have been content to play the part of Washington, and I should have merited little credit, for I do not see how it would have been reasonably possible to play another rôle. But if Washington had found himself in France, with disintegration going on within and invasion menacing from without, I would have defied Washington to be himself, or if he had tried to be so, he would have been nothing but a fool. . . . As for myself, I had to be no more, no less than a crowned Washington."

Napoleon, on several occasions, expressed to O'Meara his admiration for the navy of the United States. The surgeon advocated the claims of the navy of England, but the exile, in a spirit of perhaps pardonable contrariety, maintained the superiority of the seamen of the younger nation. Washington was also an occasional theme. "Your nation," said the exile to the surgeon, "called Washington a leader of rebels for a long time, and refused to acknowledge either him or the constitution of his country, but his successes obliged them to change and acknowledge both. It is success which makes the great man." Then, again, Napoleon and O'Meara discussed the commerce of the future. "I see no feasible measure to remedy the distress of your manufacturers," remarked the exile, "except endeavoring to promote the separation of the Spanish South American Colonies from the Mother Country. By means of this you would have an opportunity of opening a most extensive and lucrative commerce with the South Americans which would be productive of great advantages to you. If you do not adopt

some steps of the kind, the Americans will be beforehand with you."

## V.

Thus Napoleon, at different times, according to mood and circumstance, voiced his opinions on the public men and public measures of the Common-

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wealth across the seas. Whatever weight may, or may not, be attached to his words, as reported, we find that when he acted, when he played the game of public policy on the vast chess board of the nations, that master mind always strove to move the forces of the United States against the forces of Great Britain.

*Lev Rosen.*

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THE GOSPEL OF MR. F. W. H. MYERS.

Mr. Myers's work on *Human Personality*, though it is interesting and suggestive in many incidental ways, is an astounding monument of misapplied talents and speculation; and if it can be said to have logically any tendency at all its tendency is to confirm the very conclusions which its writer has labored to overthrow. It is, however, well worth examining. I shall begin with a brief analysis of its thirteen hundred closely printed pages, for which most readers should be grateful as a guide to its bewildering labyrinths.

The great task to which Mr. Myers has addressed himself is to prove, by inductive and experimental methods, that the soul of man, or the essence of the personality of the individual, is distinct from the organism through which alone it normally reveals itself. If this is to be proved, as he very properly says, we must begin with a study of personality as normal observation gives it to us. Mr. Myers, in fact, at starting is the type of the ordinary scientist.

What then, he asks, is our personality seen to be when modern science submits it to physiological and psychological analysis? The pre-scientific view, he says, was the view expressed thus by Reid: that "the identity of a

person is a perfect identity. A person is a *monad* and is not divisible into parts." This view, says Mr. Myers, science rightly rejects. Modern science, he continues, has proved conclusively that whatever else human personality may be it is an elaborate co-ordination of the parts of the physical organism, of which organism the brain is the supreme representative. But, says Mr. Myers, this view, though indubitable, if we accept it as a half of the truth, is not true if we insist on taking it for the whole; and the previous view, though untenable if we regard it as the whole, is true nevertheless if we accept it as expressing a half. Personality, in fact, as we know it, is found, when adequately analyzed, to be far more complex than even current science believes it to be, for it unites the simplicity of the pre-scientific idea of it with all the elaborate co-ordination discerned in it by the modern scientist. Let us, says Mr. Myers, before coming to the question of its simplicity, first make ourselves familiar with the main facts of its complexity.

The first and most obvious of these facts is as follows: Whereas till recently the personality of man was regarded as something that was bounded by the limits of the normal con-

sciousness, we now know (if I may quote some recent words of my own) "that, like an iceberg, which floats with most of its bulk submerged, the human mind, from its first day to its last, has more of itself below the level of consciousness than ever appears above it." This is the great fact with which Mr. Myers sets out. We now are aware, he says, that personality is not "unitary"; that it is not, according to the old-fashioned conception of it, something "known with practical completeness to the (ordinary) waking self." There is one part of it which is above the threshold of ordinary consciousness and another part which is normally below it; and the first he calls the *supraliminal* and the second the *subliminal* self. The subliminal self is, in his opinion, the recipient of all the experiences, thoughts, affections, and appetites derived by man from his human and animal ancestors. The supraliminal self, which is stimulated by the world of experience, and reacts on it, is something thrown up above the surface by the self which is submerged below. "Being the result," says Mr. Myers, "of irregular accretions in the past," its unity "is federative and unstable. It consists even now only in the limited collaboration of multiple groups," and what the groups are which have thus become supraliminal was determined by natural selection during the struggle of incalculable ages.

Thus far Mr. Myers's argument, even if some of his details are questionable, is in perfect general accordance with that of the most orthodox evolutionist; and instead of exhibiting any germs of spiritualism it is what many people would call materialistic in the highest possible degree. But at this point Mr. Myers makes his own special departure. To the ordinary scientific thinker the subliminal or submerged self is a complex of unconscious activities,

which rise naturally into consciousness as a bulb rises into a flower, thus showing that consciousness, as such, is no necessary attribute of mind. This it is that Mr. Myers will not admit; and in denying this view he first enters a speculative region of his own. He asserts that the subliminal self is not the unconscious part of the supraliminal, but is a separate conscious entity, and that the supraliminal self is a separate entity also. The latter is as mortal and as dependent on the physical organism as any man of science can say it is; but the former stands on a totally different footing. The organism depends on it, not it on the organism, and for it alone Mr. Myers claims immortality. How these two selves are related we shall see better presently. We will first see how Mr. Myers seeks to prove their dual existence.

He begins this task with an analysis of the self we know—the supraliminal self of common life and experience—and here he returns for the time to the ordinary methods of science, and to many of its latest conclusions, with which he is well acquainted. I will henceforward state his argument as he himself has arranged it, and will, for the reader's convenience, refer to his several chapters.

In *Chapter II.* he deals with the disintegration of the supraliminal self. He takes his facts and illustrations not from spiritualistic sympathizers, but from the records of well-attested cases in French hospitals and elsewhere. He shows us how, under certain normal conditions, the supraliminal self is split up into various parts, and how, not infrequently, the personality of a single individual actually divides itself into two personalities or more, each with a separate memory and a widely different character. Amongst a number of such cases he cites that of Félida—well known to the whole medical



world—who was two persons in one, and that of Miss Beauchamp, who was four. This whole chapter, so far as it is a collection of facts, will well repay careful study. Mr. Myers's own inference from this is a very different matter. It is this: that the disintegrable character of the supraliminal self shows that it is not the true self, since it has no indissoluble cohesion, and that the true self resides in the subliminal region.

In *Chapter III.* he pursues his argument further by reference to the facts of what is commonly called genius. Here again his facts, considered as facts, are interesting. The main characteristic of genius, he says, is the remarkable spontaneity of its operations. Thoughts, images, intuitions crowd into the consciousness of its possessor, so that they seem to master him rather than he them.<sup>1</sup> This process Mr. Myers calls "the subliminal uprush." The phrase is a sufficiently good one, and his analysis of the facts is true. Here again, however, his inference is another matter altogether. He thinks that this "uprush" is the work of the true or fundamental self, inspiring and stimulating the subsidiary self, if not in an abnormal manner yet at all events to an abnormal degree. The phenomena of genius, in fact, are, according to him, direct evidence of the reality and separate existence of the subliminal self.

In *Chapter IV.* he discusses the phenomena of sleep, and draws from them the same inferences. Sleep, he says, is a suspension of the supraliminal consciousness, and a partial setting free of the subliminal self, which is, he insists again, a separate self-existing personality. The class of facts which prove this most conclusively are

the recovery in dreams of memories lost to the waking consciousness, and the perception in dreams of events unknown to the waking experience.<sup>2</sup> To these must be added the refreshment produced by sleep, which Mr. Myers attributes to doses of spiritual vitality administered secretly by the subliminal self to the supraliminal.

In *Chapter V.* Mr. Myers deals with hypnotism. He has indeed referred to it in his chapter on disintegration, but a full account of it he has postponed until he has dealt with sleep; for hypnotism, he says, is merely "an experimental development of the sleeping phase of personality." This chapter again, as a collection of facts, is most interesting, nor is there any reason for calling the facts themselves in question. Mr. Myers sees in the deeper stages of hypnotism an immediate access gained, by physiological means, to an underlying life or entity, which is the real soul of man, and which, though it communicates with us by means of the physical organism, uses this organism as nothing more than an instrument to communicate knowledge to us which it has gained by means which are not physical. In the subliminal soul we discover, according to Mr. Myers, the reintegration of that humanity which supraliminally we have found so disintegrable.

In *Chapter VI.* Mr. Myers deals with what he calls sensory automatism. He means by this the internal generation of images, similar to those produced in us by external objects, but which are not produced by the ordinary channels of sense. Here again we are in the region of familiar facts. We know that the drunkard, in delirium, sees snakes in his boots as clearly as though they were there and had impressed themselves on the retina of his eye. With similar clearness we see

<sup>1</sup> See Section 616 for the manner in which Watt invented the steam engine. The sections in Mr. Myers's two volumes are numbered consecutively.

<sup>2</sup> See Sections 413 and 421A.

objects in dreams; and in dreams, too, we hear noises and voices, though they have not come to us through our ears. We know also, from an experience which is wide though not universal, that images and sounds similar to those which we perceive during sleep are perceived by sane persons during their hours of waking consciousness, just as the snakes are perceived by the victim of delirium tremens, when there is nothing externally in the physical world to correspond to them. These are hallucinations; and to this class, says Mr. Myers, in one sense or another, belong most of those phenomena which are popularly classed as ghosts. But a careful examination of the evidence with regard to these apparitions shows us, he continues, that they are separable into various groups. Some have no more significance than the snakes seen by the drunkard. Their origin is within the skull. The physics of the brain will account for them. Others again, he thinks, may be explained by a theory which, apparently unknown to Mr. Myers, had already been propounded by the late Mr. Laurence Oliphant. Every physical movement, according to this theory, leaves some impress on all the objects surrounding it, like the lines in which the voice records itself on the moving disc of a phonograph: and these movements, with the things or persons that cause them, can, under suitable circumstances, be reproduced in the consciousness of individuals who are sufficiently sensitive. The majority of ghosts can perhaps be disposed of in these ways, without the necessity of invoking any theory which does not accord in character with current scientific conceptions. But in addition to ghosts such as these there are others, which convey information of a kind which shows that they are not merely phantom images, manufactured by the brain, or revibrated from physi-

cal surfaces. But here again, says Mr. Myers, the phenomena are of two kinds. Some of the cases, for instance, in which one person sees the phantasm of another, or the manner of the latter's death, may be explicable by the hypothesis of telepathy. That telepathy is a fact Mr. Myers strongly insists; but it is not, in itself, he says, a fact more spiritual or hyperphysical than light, nor does it point of itself to an intelligence independent of matter. But there is, he says, amongst the phenomena we are here concerned with, a special class which cannot be explained thus. For example, the death of some distant person is occasionally announced by the appearance of the same phantasm to several persons simultaneously, which could not be due to any series of telepathic brain-waves; and again the phantasm, on other occasions, presents itself to the percipient not as though it were visiting him, but as though the percipient himself had travelled to the scene of the tragedy. These phenomena, says Mr. Myers, are explicable only as cases of self-projection, as actual detachments of the subliminal self from the physical organism with which it condescends to be associated.

In *Chapter VII.* he deals with phantasms of the dead, as distinguished from the phantasms of those who are living or in the act of dying. He cites a multitude of cases from Mr. Gurney's book on the subject, and ends with repeating afresh, on what he takes to be still stronger evidence, the same conclusion that the previous chapter ends with.

In *Chapter VIII.* he deals with what he calls motor automatism. By this he means effects produced on physical objects through the agency of living bodies, but not controlled by the personalities with which these bodies are associated normally. Of such phenomena table-turning is the most familiar ex-

ample; but the most important are automatic writing and speaking, the object here affected being the body of the medium himself. Of the latter kind he cites a number of cases, the two most remarkable being these: the case of Hélène Smith,<sup>3</sup> which Mr. Myers calls classical, and that of Colonel Gurwood, the editor of the Duke of Wellington's *Despatches*.<sup>4</sup> Of these I shall speak presently.

In *Chapter IX*. Mr. Myers arrives at what we may call the climax of his argument, and introduces us to the phenomena of "trance, possession, and ecstasy," which are, he says, the highest and crowning proofs of the divine, the hyperphysical, and the immortal nature of man. Of ecstasy, indeed, he does not say very much. His main concern is with trance and what he calls "possession." Trance is the condition under which possession takes place; and he means by possession the temporary but complete expropriation from a given brain of both the two selves—the supraliminal and the subliminal—of which it is the normal home, and the temporary occupation of it by a personality wholly different. It differs from motor automatism in one way and in one way only. In this case the possession of the brain by the alien personality is complete; in the other it is only partial. Here again Mr. Myers gives us many examples, but he mainly relies on two, which form, when taken together, the composite rock on which he builds his church. These examples are the case of the Rev. Stainton Moses and Mrs. Piper. Mr. Myers claims that if all other evidences of man's immortality were to fail the phenomena exhibited through the mediumship of this lady and gentleman would be enough to establish the fact that discarnate souls exist, and can actually take possession

of living organisms (the normal landlords becoming for the time absentees), and can, through their use of these organisms, communicate with living persons. This being proved, he says, his whole case is established. The soul is a spiritual unity, superior to and essentially independent of the perishing physical body through which ordinary science knows it.

But Mr. Myers has not ended yet. In his tenth and last chapter he sums up in a philosophical form the general view of existence to which his previous arguments must conduct us. He gives us an outline of his religio-scientific gospel. To this singular document I shall refer before I have finished; but first let us re-examine the ground which we have thus rapidly traversed, and see what, when considered in the light of a dispassionate judgment, the special facts amount to on which the new gospel is founded.

These special facts divide themselves into two classes. Firstly there are those which, though novel, and still startling, are nevertheless attested by physiological and psychological science, such as the fact of submerged mentation and the various phenomena of hypnotism. Secondly there are those which, though much evidence exists for them, are nevertheless doubted or denied by the majority of ordinary people. As for the former, they may be left to speak for themselves presently. We need concern ourselves here with the latter class only. It is impossible to discuss the evidence by which Mr. Myers supports them; but I will try to give the reader an idea of their general character. They begin with mere apparitions, familiar to the student of ghost stories—apparitions which are appearances and never anything more. Then come apparitions of a kind equally familiar to us—apparitions of persons living or in the act of dying, whose appearance coincides

<sup>3</sup> Section 835.

<sup>4</sup> Section 861.

with their death, or with some act in their lives; and to these must be added pictures cast on such surfaces as walls, and representing some distant event and the moment of an actual occurrence. The character of such phenomena as these needs no examples to illustrate it; and they are not the phenomena on which Mr. Myers lays most stress. These last are what he calls "veridical phantasms" of the dead, as distinguished from the living or the dying, "sensory automatism," "motor automatism," and "possession." I shall illustrate them in order by the best examples of them to be found in Mr. Myers's repertory.

(1) Hélène Smith of Geneva—whose case Mr. Myers calls, as we have seen, "classic"—exhibited a series of phenomena which were carefully studied at the time by Professor Flournoy, a well-known scientist—a total disbeliever in spiritualism—who wrote a book about her. This woman was capable of putting herself into a kind of hypnotic trance, in which she declared herself influenced by a variety of spirits. The most remarkable of her performances was an account she gave of a vision of a mountain village in Switzerland, the name of which, she said, was Chassenaz, of its syndic, Chaumontet, and of its *curé*, Bournier. Neither Mdlle. Smith herself, when awake, nor any of those present, were even aware that such a village existed; but at last they discovered it on a map, and learnt that thirty years previously a Chaumontet and a Bournier had been its syndic and its *curé* respectively. It turned out, however, that Mdlle. Smith had, in early life, stayed in its immediate neighborhood. Mr. Myers accordingly agrees with Professor Flournoy in attributing her revelations mainly to the action of a submerged memory, which reconstructed and visualized fragments of past knowledge; and of such recon-

structions he regards this as a "culminant example." He insists, however, that an element of telepathy was nevertheless involved in it, and here it appears that Professor Flournoy agrees with him. Mr. Myers, however, differs from Professor Flournoy in asserting that the whole process, whether constructive or telepathic, was the work of a subliminal self, independent of supraliminal. This case therefore forms, he says, a fit introduction to cases in which the action of the supra-physical subliminal self is yet more evident. Of the character of such cases the following incident is an example.

(2) Mr. Hensleigh Wedgwood, brother-in-law to the illustrious Darwin, assisted a Mrs. R., one of his intimate friends, in various experiments with planchette. On one occasion was produced an extraordinary series of writings, which at first did nothing but bewilder the experimentalists. The supposed spirit, by whom the movements of planchette were controlled, signed himself "J. G.," and made a rude drawing of an arm rising above an indented line and holding a sort of sword. The spirit said that the thing represented was given him on "paper and other things," and often abruptly stopped, complaining of a pain in his head. He finally explained that his name was Colonel Gurwood, that he had been wounded in the Peninsular War, and had killed himself on Christmas Day forty-four years ago. None of those present knew his name; still less did they know his history. The truth of what he had told them they not long after verified, and they then realized that the rude drawing he had made was the crest accompanying the coat of arms which had been granted him by the King for his gallantry.

(3) In the foregoing case the spirit revealed itself by influencing the personality of the experimentalists, or ra-

ther of some one of them. We now come to examples of possession—Mr. Myers's supreme phenomenon—in which the personality of the experimentalist is altogether extruded, and his or her organism completely occupied by the spirit. The Rev. Stanton Moses, his acquaintance with whom Mr. Myers says was "epoch-making," was "possessed," when in trance, by a considerable variety of spirits—by a friend of Erasmus, and by others who preferred the use of pseudonyms, such as "Rector," "Doctor," and "Imperator." On one occasion Mr. Moses had been dining with some friends, one of whose guests was a lady—a stranger to Mr. Moses—who had some months before, when visiting a connection of the host's, been much attracted by a baby seven months old. After dinner Mr. Moses, without any warning, went off into a brief trance. Whilst he was in this condition the lady just referred to was about to sit down on a seemingly empty chair, when Mr. Moses exclaimed in a voice not his own, "Don't sit down on it! don't sit down on it! Little Baby Timmins!" On another occasion, whilst staying in his father's house, Mr. Moses, when writing, was suddenly possessed by "Rector," who said he had a message from a certain dead Mrs. Westoboy, who had pushed Mr. Moses down in a yard twenty-nine years ago, on which occasion he was badly bitten by a harvest bug. Mrs. Westoboy wished to say that "gratification of bodily appetite had cast her back" in the course of her earthly pilgrimage; and Rector added that Mrs. Westoboy could prove her identity by her knowledge of a trap door in the roof of a certain house. The trap door, of which Mr. Moses himself knew nothing, was subsequently proved to exist. But even more sacred to Mr. Myers than Mr. Moses was Mrs. Piper. Mrs. Piper, when entranced, was possessed by various spirits, but chief

among them was one calling himself Dr. Phinuit, who took complete possession of Mrs. Piper's body, and by means of it introduced, as their interpreter, a succession of discarnate human beings. One of these was a deceased American author, who mentioned a number of facts which his friends recognized as correct, and who one day also complained that his "head felt bad," and on another confessed that when he first quitted the body he felt somewhat *désœuvré*, but would very soon "find an occupation." Another spiritual visitor was a certain discarnate Ruthie, who conveyed the remarkable news that she did not like "her powders." Another was Baby Kakle, who wanted to "see mooley cow," who sent her love to "Marmle," who liked "big horsey, not little one," and was on the whole very happy in the bosom of her deceased grandmother. All these revelations, according to Mr. Myers, deal with actual facts which were neither known to Mrs. Piper herself nor could have been possibly transferred to her telepathically by any other incarnate mind.

I give these stories as examples of the innumerable alleged occurrences on which Mr. Myers builds up his theory that man's hyperphysical personality is a fact which can be scientifically demonstrated. Now whether the facts themselves (apart from Mr. Myers's interpretation of them) are well attested or not is a question, as I have said already, which it would be idle to discuss here. For our present purpose, however, it is not in the least necessary to assume that, so far as they go, they are not substantially true. No procedure is more essentially unscientific than to assume that no process actually takes place in the universe other than those which science, in some formal manner, has recognized. Indeed every fresh discovery which science makes shows that the



constitution of things, as potentially amenable to inquiry, is complex to a degree indefinitely beyond our present knowledge; and this is especially true of the processes which are immediately concerned with life. Our modern knowledge of electricity, of the ether, and of the  $x$  rays constitutes a warning against any undue haste in dismissing facts as incredible merely because they are new and strange; and the admitted reality of the facts which reveal themselves to the hypnotist repeats this warning with yet more special significance when we take it in connection with the unscientific contempt which men of science once accorded to mesmerism.

Accordingly that the living organism, and the brain as the organ of thought, should operate in ways which may prove as new to ourselves as wireless telegraphy would have proved to our great-great-grandfathers, is not only not an impossibility, but is the soberest of all sober likelihoods; nor is there anything incredible in the idea of an etheric telepathy, and other cognate perceptions of distant things, which would, in a perfectly natural way, explain the larger part of Mr. Myers's spiritualistic marvels, and at the same time show that these marvels were facts. All perception, except touch, indeed, is in a sense telepathic.

There is one theory only which science can *not* admit; and this is that anything of which it can take cognizance does not exist or occur as an incident of the universal order. The essential principle of science may, in short, be summed up thus: In each fact or occurrence, however small, scientific omniscience would see the history of the entire universe. It is this doctrine against which the upholders of free-will protest, and which, without repudiating science, they are continually attempting to reconcile with it. But the attempt is vain. Contemporary

thinkers, like Professor Ward of Cambridge, imagine that they can accomplish this work by substituting what they call a spiritual universe for a physical, but their attempts leave the difficulty essentially unchanged. So long as we admit that the individual mind is not in itself the sum total of all existence we admit that it is conditioned by causes which are wholly beyond its control; and whether we call them physical, or mental, or ideal, the result is practically the same. The only theory which renders free-will conceivable is a theory not of spiritual monism, but of spiritual pluralism—a theory which postulates one universal first cause, and then adds to this a multitude of personal first causes which are independent of it.

Now which of these is the theory that Mr. Myers adopts? We shall see that, as a matter of fact, he alternates between the two. In his method of argument he adheres to a theory of monism, and only in this way gives his views the semblance of science. But so far as his object is concerned, and in all his implied conclusions, the theory he advocates is essentially pluralistic. He endeavors to represent personality as a self-existent and independent first cause, which is partially conditioned by its environment, but also in its turn conditions it—influencing it by means of an energy which is generated in the personality only, and which is accordingly outside the sphere of science altogether.

He takes this step at a very early stage in his book; and he practically begs the whole point which he desires to prove by an assumption which will strike all careful and unprejudiced readers as being not only fantastic in respect of its general character but also as gratuitously inapplicable to the facts which he invokes it to explain. This assumption is that the part of the personality which operates outside

the limits of normal consciousness is not an unconscious substratum which wells up into consciousness, but is a separate self with a constant and superior consciousness of its own, and that it is, in fact, the true and immortal soul of man.

It is on this assumption of the independent existence of the subliminal self that the whole structure of Mr. Myers's theory depends. If we take the assumption away the entire theory collapses. Let us consider then in what manner this initial assumption is supported by him. And first let me show the reader how the very terminology adopted by him reveals his instinctive vacillation between two opposed theories, the scientific and the mystical, and his desire to recommend the latter by hiding it under a semblance of the former. The assumed superior self he calls, we have seen, subliminal, or the self which is below the threshold of ordinary consciousness. Now in speaking of it as below the threshold he succeeds in persuading himself that his view of the matter at starting coincides with the view of science, and he thus tacitly conciliates the sympathies of the scientific reader. But what he really means is concealed by this mode of expression. What he really means is that the subliminal self is not below the threshold of ordinary consciousness, but is above its ceiling. It does not rise up into the ordinary self, but descends into it as a visitant from above. As soon as the nature of Mr. Myers's idea is properly grasped, whatever plausibility it might have seemed to possess, disappears, and it stands revealed to us in all its bizarre nudity.

On what scientific and psychological grounds then does Mr. Myers ask us to accept this idea as true? for it is to science and psychology that he makes his first appeal. He really asks us to accept it on no scientific grounds

whatever. The hands are the hands of science, but the voice is the voice of the visionary. It is impossible here, and indeed it is quite unnecessary, to combat the contention that as soon as a man falls asleep the observed phenomena of dreams demonstrate or even suggest that a higher intelligence, possessed of supernatural powers of knowledge, takes possession of his brain, and becomes its master, whilst the normal self, which was a function of the brain, effaces itself. It is impossible and unnecessary here to combat the theory that the ordinary life of man is nourished and maintained by a mysterious second self, which comes to him, like Elijah's ravens, as soon as he closes his eyes—perhaps in his bed, perhaps after dinner in his chair—and injects into his system some hyperphysical nutriment. It is still more unnecessary to combat this theory as applied to genius. To say that genius is an "uprushing of the subliminal self," if this means an uprush of the unconscious into consciousness, is a very good description of what observation shows us; but genius in this respect is merely an exaggerated example of something that takes place in the mind of every human being. Ordinary thought is, of course, consciously influenced by the action on it of external things; but thoughts at the same time are constantly rising up from within, out of the bubbling fountain or cauldron of the living brain, with its hoard of post-natal and ancestral experiences—thoughts which the conscious self, even if we assume the will to be free, influences only as an agent who watches and directs them, but has no more share in originating them than a fireman with a hose in his hand originates the water that streams from it. To explain genius by a theory of a supposed superior self, which descends through the ceiling, or pushes itself up

through the floor, with new pieces of furniture for the sitting-room of the self we know, is to indulge in a fancy which facts do not even suggest, and which can only have originated in a desire to support a foregone conclusion.

The fantastic nature of this theory becomes more evident still when we consider the phenomena of hypnotism, which, Mr. Myers has persuaded himself, afford us the strongest proof of it. The supposed subliminal self as operated on by the hypnotizer, instead of exhibiting any special independence or superiority, distinguishes itself mainly by its docile and credulous slavery to the suggestions of any chance operator. It is tricked by statements which would hardly deceive an idiot. There is, indeed, only one point at which, according to Mr. Myers, it shows itself morally superior to the lower self that is supraliminal. It will do almost anything that the hypnotizer tells it to do, except what is morally wrong. Here it shows its innate spiritual purity, and enables us to see that, unlike its supraliminal companion, its moral course is always steadily upwards. On this point Mr. Myers lays much stress, and here gives a curious illustration of the manner in which he really reasons. He observes on one occasion that the Roman Catholic authorities of to-day in dealing with alleged miracles do not by any means swallow the evidences blindfold, but treat them with what he calls a "species of pseudo-candor."<sup>a</sup> This is precisely what Mr. Myers himself does here. He begins by admitting that there is a large body of evidence which shows that criminal suggestion is operative on hypnotized persons; but all this he dismisses with the singularly insufficient remark that the persons experimented on were of weak moral character;<sup>b</sup> and he then goes on to deal

with a case in which a highly respectable subject put some sugar into somebody's tea on being told by the hypnotizer that it was poison. Of cases like this Mr. Myers disposes by adopting the theory that the hypnotized subject, though amenable in good faith to all other suggestions, fails to be taken in by suggestions of an immoral kind, and is all the while "laughing at the hypnotizer in his sleeve, being perfectly well aware that the immoral act is a make-believe." When his own express admissions are, however, taken together, the utmost his argument comes to is that hypnotized subjects cannot be compelled to act in a way which is contrary to the dictates of "the normal waking conscience," whatever these may be. He entirely fails, indeed, to prove even so much as this; but even if he *could* prove it how much would it mean? Merely that the subliminal self, the separate and superior entity, never sinks below the moral level of its perishable and inferior associate, but rises or falls with, and is in fact determined by, it. It is hard to imagine a clearer admission than this that the two selves are the same self in different conditions, and not, as Mr. Myers imagines, two independent beings.

Finally it remains to be noticed that Mr. Myers is totally unable to describe the character of this entity in any definite terms, without contradicting himself and imputing to it absolutely incompatible attributes. He begins by representing it as the storehouse of the organic history of the race, as the flower of terrestrial evolution, and the terrestrial struggle for existence, whilst the supraliminal self is merely a "ripple on its surface," or a reef thrown up by it above the surface of the subliminal waters; and yet he ends by representing it as a hyperphysical spirit, whose origin is beyond matter and whose functions are transmaterial.

<sup>a</sup> Section 536.

<sup>b</sup> Section 535b.

And this is the foundation, the starting-point of Mr. Myers's whole "spiritual theory"—a theory which he claims to be founded on facts of scientific observation. The best comment on it is to state in a few words what these facts of physiology and psychology to which Mr. Myers himself refers us really prove. What they really prove is as follows: The living organism contains incalculably more than the consciousness, normal or abnormal, is in any moment aware of. As Mr. Myers himself shows us by the cases of unreasoning terror which many people experience in the dark, or in crossing open spaces, there are traces in us still of the experiences of the cave-dweller and the terrified animal.<sup>7</sup> He shows us also, by a highly interesting example, how specific fears on a mother's part, which had a definite origin in her experience, may be transmitted to her offspring, divorced from any apparent cause. And in addition to this astounding inheritance which we bring with us into the world at birth, from the moment that we see the light the brain is receiving impressions from every part of its environment, not only by means of the recognized organs of sense, but by other cognate means of which at present we know little; and of these impressions a small part only are conscious. Between the conscious part of us and the unconscious there is a constant cerebral interchange. The subliminal self is a cellar of discarded memories, a mushroom house of sprouting thoughts; and if there is such a thing as telepathy between one consciousness and another, between one unconsciousness and another, there is, we must assume, a crypto-telepathy also.

How such processes as these may take place we can at present only conjecture; but in none of the "spiritual-

istic" phenomena mentioned by Mr. Myers, for which he produces any serious evidence, is there a hint of anything belonging to a sphere of existence other than that with which ordinary science deals. There are none, indeed, to which the ordinary phenomena of nature fail to afford parallels. All the senses, as I have said already, except that of touch, are telepathic; and the same event often reveals itself to the senses, not as one event, but as split up into two—for example, the flash and the sound of a distant gun—and neither reaches us till both of them have passed for ever. If, endowed with sight and hearing of power sufficiently magnified, we could watch the earth to-day from the star Vega, as from an opera box, we should not be watching Mr. Balfour in the House of Commons, but the body of Christ actually hanging on the Cross; whilst as for sound, as the lips of Christ moved, we should be hearing not his voice but the roarings of the primæval monsters. None of Mr. Myers's telepathic anecdotes suggests an experience so strange and so startling as this; nor do his spiritual pictures on walls, representing distant events, suggest anything which has not its analogy in the familiar phenomena of mirage; whilst had Mr. Myers only lived to see the development of wireless telegraphy he would have realized how unnecessary and how childish was the spiritualistic hypothesis whereby he seeks to explain the fact that a telepathic message is capable of being conveyed to several recipients simultaneously.

I say all this on the assumption that the majority of Mr. Myers's anecdotes of telepathic messages, which reveal actual facts, of his phantasms of the dead or living which convey actual information not derivable through the ordinary channels of sense, are examples of phenomena which do really occur. There is nothing in any of

<sup>7</sup> Section 526a.

these which so much as suggests that the personality is in any way independent of the individual organism. They do but suggest that the nature and the processes of the organism are at present known to us only in a very partial way. They do nothing to suggest the belief in a hyperorganic self, for which the organism is merely a tool or a tenement. The absurdity of Mr. Myers's hypothesis is emphasized by the vigorous logic with which he pushes it to a last conclusion. His supposed subliminal or hyperorganic self—the marvellous self which is the passive dupe of the hypnotist—is, according to him, so far from being dependent on matter that it actually uses matter in the manner ascribed to Omnipotence; that it can sort and rearrange the molecules of the material world, and manufacture for itself the transitory but veritably molecular bodies of which Mr. Myers contends that certain apparitions consist.\*

Finally, in this connection there is one more point to be noted. Mr. Myers, throughout the greater part of his work, seems himself haunted by the suspicion that what I have just said may be true—that the subliminal self after all may be merely a part of the organism, and that its spiritual activities may be explicable in a manner which will explain them away. Indeed, he almost admits that such might be his final opinion, if it were not for the phenomena of "possession," which gave him his supreme proof that personality was separable from the organism, and thus put the stamp of validity on all his former hypotheses. Let us consider these for a moment.

These phenomena of "possession," which, as we have seen, he describes as "epoch-making," were revealed to him through two individuals, Mr. Moses and Mrs. Piper; and on Mr.

Moses and Mrs. Piper hang all his laws and his prophets. Of these two persons I must content myself with saying this: Mr. Moses was, as Mr. Myers himself tells us, not only constitutionally incapable of weighing scientific evidence, but resented the very idea of resorting to scientific methods. His whole attitude was one of awe-struck credulity in the presence of his own powers, and the discarnate spirits who took possession of his organism delivered no message which was morally in advance of the mottoes in a copy-book, or the memories of a well-read clergyman, nor conveyed to him any information of a more memorable kind than that "little Baby Timmins" was sitting in an empty chair; that there was a trap door in the roof of a certain house; and that Mr. Moses himself had been once bitten by a harvest bug. Of Mrs. Piper, whose character appears to be far superior to that of Mr. Moses, it is needless to say much, and for the following reasons: that she herself repudiated the greatness which Mr. Myers threw on her, and maintained that her communications had their origin in a telepathic knowledge, conveyed to her from living persons, and had nothing to do with the discarnate spirits of the dead.

I have no space in the few pages at my disposal to pursue a detailed criticism of Mr. Myers's arguments further. I will now, therefore, pass on to a very brief examination of the general theory of existence which Mr. Myers himself draws from them; and if any thing were wanting to justify what I have said already the reader will find it here. In case any arch-deacon or canon, as I think exceedingly likely, should feel tempted to quote Mr. Myers in Westminster Abbey as a new scientific witness to the doctrine of Christian orthodoxy, let me advise him to think twice before he acts on this impulse. Mr. Myers's theory lends

\* Section 926a, vol ii. p. 536.



no support whatever to what he contemptuously dismisses as the orthodoxy of the "pulpiteer." It resembles the scheme of Buddhism far more than that of Christianity. It is, indeed, as he himself says, a kind of Buddhism, harmonized with scientific fact. Provisionally, then, Mr. Myers analyzes the Cosmos (in which he includes the sum total of all existence) into three elements—the material, the etheric, and the metetherial. The metetherial element pervades matter and ether, just as ether pervades matter. It is the universal spiritual substance, or world-soul. Out of this individual spirits are fashioned, either as self-evolved vortices or in obedience to the will of the world soul acting as a supreme unity; and life, as we know it, comes into existence only when one of these spirits "descends," as the Platonists say, "into generation." This doctrine does not apply to men only. Mr. Myers contends that if it applies to man it applies equally to every living creature—to the protozoa, the sponge, the fly, the louse, and the monkey. It presumably applies also, though he does not say this, to the vegetable. Every living thing has an independent subliminal self, which vitalizes its organism and survives it. All these selves possess similar powers. All are potentially, even when not actually, telepathic. "Our kinship with the ape" is the analogue of "our kinship with the angel." Mr. Myers finds it, however, impossible to believe that new spirits are being constantly evolved or created. Their number remains the same, but they are constantly being incarnated afresh, and are constantly undergoing a course of spiritual evolution, similar to that which is revealed to us in the history of physical organisms. Thus all life is eternally working itself upwards to a point at which the individual is either absorbed into the world soul or else, by what Mr.

Myers calls the "metetherial" grace of God, is in perfect communion with it. Thus all sin, selfishness, cruelty, and sensuality, together with all misery, become relative evils only. They are steps on the way to God—a God whom all will reach after ages of spiritual "striving." Here, says Mr. Myers, we have in its rude outlines the new religious "synthesis" which is rapidly revealing itself to the world, and which is to dissolve those difficulties in the way of faith and hope which have come, with the rise of science, to seem more and more insuperable.

And now let us ask what this synthesis comes to. In the first place it starts with a double falsification of thought, which shows how Mr. Myers throughout juggled with his own convictions. Of the three elements which, according to Mr. Myers, go to make up existence, the implied contrast between the first and the second is unreal. Nobody in his sober moments knows better than Mr. Myers himself knew, that matter and ether are fundamentally the same thing, and that no man of science contrasts them except for purposes of conversational convenience. For science ether is as material as an apple dumpling. Secondly, in contrasting the etheric element with the "metetherial," Mr. Myers introduces a fresh source of confusion and illicit implication. He contrives to smuggle in a multitude of mystical associations which, from centuries of use, cling to the word "etherial." To have been honest he should have said not "metetherial" but "met-etheric." Had he only done this his speculations would have shown themselves under a new aspect; and he would have seen the absurdity of speaking about the "metetheric grace of God." Throughout the whole course of his work he is continually giving us to understand that he regards the three intertangled worlds as one, operating

together in obedience to some supreme unitary law, and yet this is the very conclusion which he is constantly endeavoring to elude. As an observer, when he forgets the case which he has passionately briefed himself to defend, and only considers the evidence on its own merits, as it presents itself, he shows us the spirits of the departed as so inextricably connected with their organisms that Colonel Gurwood and George Pelham still suffer from headache, and are sometimes hardly able to make their communications in consequence. He represents the metetherial world as in constant contact with the etheric, and leans to the idea that the subliminal self is continuous—that all subliminal selves in a certain sense are one; and all these conclusions reappear in his synthesis. But he does not see what this really means. He does not see that it is the abandonment of the only thesis that he values—the thesis that each separate personality is a spirit or first cause in itself, and as such is eternal. Early in his book he does indeed lay it down that the great question of determinism and moral freedom is written across the order of things to which it is his endeavor to introduce us; but he subsequently devotes to this question only two pages in passing, and dismisses it with a suggestion which he thinks is entirely new, but is really nothing else than one of the most familiar of subterfuges, and is utterly inconsistent with the tenor of his own reasoning. In a word, he leaves the Cosmos—the life of the personality included—a single and determined process, precisely as science finds it. The utmost that his speculations do is to raise this determinism as it were to a higher power; while his theory of the continuity of the subliminal self, and the all-pervading metetheric element, out of which all lives emerge, is nothing but the theory of what Professor Haeckel

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calls "substance" and what Mr. Spencer calls "the unknowable," presented to us in fantastic terminology, and reached by random flights through regions of fancy and superstition, which nevertheless bring him to the same end at last.

And in conclusion let me point out something which is more important yet. Even if we were to adopt the theory of Mr. Myers in its integrity it would be utterly fatal to the conclusion which he really desires to establish. His ultimate object is to indicate for the life of man a moral value and freedom of which science seems to divest it; but the actual result of his theory is to reduce it to a more abject and meaningless condition than any to which it could be thrust by any scientific determinism. In transferring the seat of man's moral and spiritual dignity from the normal waking self to a second subliminal self of which normally it knows nothing he leaves the supraliminal life a meaningless moral vacuum. It is like a fire which burns in accordance with determinate laws, except when the subliminal soul occasionally comes in and pokes it; and the subliminal soul itself is in an even worse condition; for its will, which Mr. Myers endeavors to conceive of as free, is, as he himself admits, more at the mercy of any chance supraliminal hypnotism than ever was that of a child at the mercy of a tyrannical parent. Mr. Myers suggests that human character in the future will be elevated to new heights by means of hypnotic suggestion, that the weak will be nerved to efforts of self-denial which are now rarely met with except amongst saints and heroes. Should this prove to be the case our new hypnotic redeemers will certainly be accomplishing their mission by means of vicarious sacrifices, but the moral value of the results will evaporate in the process of producing them.

*W. H. Mallock.*

## THE BETHEL STONE.

## (Conclusion.)

Plymouth on a wet night is at its worst; and Plymouth, among other and nobler attributes, can boast more wet nights than any other town in the west. It was raining heavily when David Pentreath reached the docks and inquired for the *Syrian*. He was told that the steamer would not be in till the early morning, and that he had better get a lodging for the night.

"Going abroad?" asked a man at the quay-side. David nodded. "Then I reckon you'll have to sleep on deck," said the fellow, with a grin, "for there isn't a berth long enough for 'e."

Covered with a long mackintosh and carrying a heavy portmanteau, his only luggage, David walked the wet streets. The people hurried past him in the rain, townsfolk of all classes, sailors, and marines, all eager for shelter. Many stared at the big fellow; for his stature, familiar enough in Langis-sack, provoked interest whenever he stirred abroad.

He had no thought of putting up at an hotel; bed and sleep were things that he had not reckoned on. He had no plans but a vague notion of spending the rest of his days in strenuous labor. He had closed one chapter of his life, and the future held no happiness, no hope for him, but only work—fierce, unrelenting work. The pagan mood was still upon him, and he was unrepentant; the deed he had done was inevitable, and he was but an instrument. Another man would gladly have rid himself of the burden of the portmanteau; but the load taxed his energy, and the effort was congenial.

Alas for the pagan! At the corner of a street in the Millbay road, outside a glaring public-house, stood a pitiable old beggar-man playing a fiddle. Sud-

denly David stood still, arrested by the music like a man struck by a bullet. The crazy instrument was ill-played; the passers probably thought that the night was evil enough without its screeching; but the tune was "Beulah Land"—"Beulah Land" of all tunes—"Beulah Land" that Zillah sang on Sunday evenings in the old happy times; and instead of the miserable squealing of the fiddle, David heard a girl's clear voice, and familiar words sounded in his ears: "I've reached the land of corn and wine," and the reiterated refrain, "O Beulah Land! dear Beulah Land."

When the tune was finished the fiddler held out his drenched hat beseechingly, and Pentreath gave him the first coin his fingers closed upon—a half-crown—then with a sob of agony he walked on—a bereft, doomed, heart-broken man, with two murders upon his soul.

He walked swiftly, turning his steps towards the North Road Station. All thought of South Africa had left him; he had now only one object, expiation, and one goal—the gallows.

He passed the open door of a police station, and in the corridor saw a constable standing in the gaslight. On an impulse, he entered the station and cried wildly, "I give myself up for the killing of Mr. Danvers an' Zillah Trethewey!"

The astonished officer called a superior from an inner room, and David repeated his confession: "I surrender myself for the murder of Julian Danvers and Zillah Trethewey. I heaved the Bethel Stone 'pon 'em!"

It was a mad story that he told, an incredible story, and at the finish of his incoherent narration he set down

his portmanteau, and holding out his wrists with a gesture of surrender, as if inviting the handcuffs, cried vehemently, "'Tis a hangin' job, and here I be—guilty!"

The inspector exchanged a meaning glance with the constable, and a smile played upon his face. "Take down the information, Jackson," said he in an unconcerned voice as he left the room, "and detain the man till the morning."

It was evident to Pentreath that the police did not believe him; they thought him drunk or deranged. Constable Jackson very deliberately took a sheet and prepared to write.

"Name?" said he curtly.

Then it occurred to David that it would be fitter to make his confession in Langissack, where folks knew him and believed him. They doubted his word, these Plymouth police, and this suspicion annoyed him even in his perturbation of soul.

"I reckon 'twill save questions if I tell my tale in Langissack, where my name's known," said he; and, taking up his portmanteau, he moved towards the door. The policeman intercepted him, but was brushed aside; and David ran along the corridor into the street, followed by two constables, who blew their whistles mightily, but were feeble in pursuit.

"What place did he say he came from?" inquired the inspector afterwards.

"Glissack or Glassick," answered Jackson; and the officer, after looking up the gazetteer, said conclusively, "There's no such place." So the episode closed.

David made his way to North Road, and inquired the next train to Langissack. "Five-thirty in the morning," said the booking-clerk.

All night David walked the wet streets in an agony of remorse. He was eager to reach Langissack, impatient to pay the penalty of his crime.

He heard the slow hours strike from the church clocks, and the night seemed interminable. The tune of "Beulah Land" haunted him, and he could not drive it away. He thought it would make him mad; his pulses beat and his blood surged to the beat of the melody; and his very footsteps, strangely loud in the deserted streets, fell to the persistent rhythm. Once in the stormy wind there came to him the sound of many voices—women's voices—singing, "Beulah Land! dear Beulah Land."

He was at the station a good half-hour too soon, and feverishly paced the empty platform. It was still pouring, and an amazed porter, seeing with what indifference the tall passenger walked into the wet beyond the shelter of the station-roof, said, "Hadn't you better keep under cover till the train comes in?"

David turned upon the man and asked, "Can 'e tell me the date of the Bodmin Assizes?"

At last the train came in; a deliberate train it was, that stopped at every little Cornish station, and all the way the engine throbbed, "O Beulah Land! dear Beulah Land."

David got out at Tregurra Junction; and, too impatient to wait for Pol-jerry's bus, he walked the six miles to Langissack. When he saw the familiar roofs and chimneys and the pinnacles of the church he felt like an alien with no part or lot in the old place. The south-west wind blew up the combe in fierce gusts, and when he drew nearer the town a smell of the tanyard greeted him like an accusation.

Exertion and emotion began to tell upon him, and he staggered a little as he walked. He stopped a minute at the top of the town to think. Should he make his confession to old Parson Carlyon or to Colonel Boase? They were both magistrates; but the Colonel

was a stern, grim man; he would not spare himself: to the Colonel he would go.

"Hullo! Dave Pentreath! Wherever did 'e spring from?"

The voice was Pascoe's, and the little man, clad in shining oilskins, stood in the middle of the road staring at David as at an apparition. "I'm mortal glad you'm still in the land o' the livin'. I scoured the town for 'e last night—thought you were dead an' buried, till Mr. Coad told me you were smitten sudden with the foreign fayver an' had gone off with the miners in a huff to Afric's sunny fountains. There's been rare doin's, I can tell 'e. Half the folks niver went to bed for tellin' about it; an' here you be trapesin' home along with a portmanteau! You've missed the great doin's, Dave; you'm a day after the fair."

"What has happened?" gasped David.

"Happened? Wonders! Thunderbolts an' earthquakes, an' two folks buried alive, an' the dandiest bit o' diggin' you ever seed, an' amazin' rescue! Why, what's the matter with 'e, Dave? What be laughin' at? Bless the fella, 'tes no laughin' matter. If you'd a see'd Zillah dragged out half-dead an' all awver dirt!"

The portmanteau had dropped from the hand of Pentreath, and he broke into hysterical laughter—laughter that had no mirth in it; then covering his face with his hands, he cried in a way that was utterly childish.

"I reckon you'd better sit down in the hedge a minute, Dave," said Pascoe, attempting to support the reeling giant; "you'm a bit awvercome. I know you'm a bit sawft on that maid; but I should niver go into 'stericks myself for the sake o' a sweetheart, though I be a deep lover o' the women."

"Tell me all 'bout it, Dick," said

Pentreath when the giddiness had passed.

"Well, 'twas about tay-time, an' a terrible storm, thunder that shook the houses, an' lightnin' fit to blind 'e; an' when it cleared off, Sam Hoskin rinned in shoutin' there was a great fall o' rock at the quarry, an' the quarry-house was buried. Out we went to see the wonder, an', sure 'nough, the old quarry-house was all scat abroad, an' the elements had played skittles with the Bethel Stone; an' while we stood wonderin' there was a tap-tap-tappin' in the heap o' ruins. Sam was 'most scared out o' his senses. 'Do 'e hear that noise?' says I. 'Iss, fay,' says he; 'an' this is no fitty place to bide.' 'Man alive!' says I, 'what be 'fraid o'?' 'Nawthen' on the face o' the earth,' says Sam; 'but I can't abide no underground devilries.' Then the tappin' came again, an' I thought I heard a far-away voice, like a cry from the bowels o' the earth. 'T'es a signal,' says I; 'there's a live sawl under that heap. Run for your life, Sam, an' bring men!' Then while I waited for the help, I took a great stone an' answered the knockin', tap for tap, an' I could tell they heard me an' understood.

"Then the folks came runnin' in twos an' threes, runnin' in scores, till all Langissack, male an' female, was there in the wet. We had begun to clear away the rubble, when up came Tregurra the minin' cap'n, an' ordered us back while he inspected the job. 'If they'm to be brought out alive,' says he, 'twill take more science than you fools be applyin' to the job.' For the big granite jambs an' posts in the house had falled inwards, an' made a cubby-hole in the ruin with a mass o' rubbish on the top, an' it all hung together so touchy as a gun-trigger. So we tackled the job in a scientific way, an' fetched timber, an' digged a sort o' adit; an' when the darkness fell they



made a great fire, an' we worked by the flare; an' Susanna Chegoweth fetched her 'cordeon, an' the women singed while we digged. They singed 'Moab,' double-sevens—an' 'Moab,' Dave, is a beggar o' a tune to dig to—an' 'Wrastlin' Jacob,' an' 'Beulah'—

"Iss, I heard 'e," said David solemnly. "I heard 'e to Plymouth."

"You'm wanderin', Dave; you'm a bit lightheaded. You'd better go home an' get to bed."

"An' you digged 'em out alive?"

"Iss, fay, us shovelled 'em out—bruised a bit, an' scratched, an' exhausted, an' half-stified, an' terrible dirty, but not much injured—Mr. Danvers an' Zil Trethewey. We knawed all along 'twas they, for Trethewey had missed his maid, an' Bolitho was lookin' for the gentleman; so it didn't want no conjurer to putt wan an' wan together."

The two men were now walking down the High Street, Pascoe carrying the portmanteau, for David's strength had left him.

"When the rubble was most cleared away," continued Dicky, "I spied a little chinky between the granite stones, an' what did I do, bein' a man o' genius, with more sense than the rest? I got a long clay baccy-pipe, an' poked the stem through the chinky, an' filled the bowl wi' brandy; an' I says to Tregurra, 'How's that for science, cap'n?' An' soon I heard the voice o' Zillah, fainty an' muffled, call, 'Is David there?' 'Twas good o' the maid to remember 'e, Dave; buried alive with the latest, she had a sawft thought for the last but wan. 'Tis Dick Pascoe," said I through the chinky. 'Dicky,' she answered, 'I'm dyin'; I want to speak a last word to Dave Pentreath.' Bear up, Dave! You were nearly down in the gutter that time. 'Don't 'e spake o' dyin', my dear,' says I; 'for we've nearly shovelled 'e out. I'll fetch David.' But I

couldn't find 'e, Dave, an' nobody had see'd 'e. I thought sure you must be buried too somewhere in the quarry."

They had now come to Pentreath's door; and, carrying the portmanteau into the house, Pascoe said heartily, "Get some breakfast, Dave, my man, an' get to bed."

But David did not go to rest. He washed the grime of travel from his hands and face, and without changing his wet garments walked up to the tannery. The gallows being no longer the goal of his desire, his thoughts reverted to South Africa; but he would clear his soul of the confession that was bursting within him. It was no longer a matter for the magistrates; it was to Zillah Trethewey that he would make his avowal.

The rain, which had not ceased for seventeen hours, still fell heavily; the steep street gurgled with running water, and fish offal and vegetable refuse floated in the puddles or were swept down by the little cascades. Jupiter Pluvius is sole scavenger in Langissack.

"I want to see Zillah," said David to the woman Agatha at Trethewey's door.

"You can't; she's upstairs," answered Agatha.

"I want to see her particular," persisted David.

"I tell 'e ye can't. Bless the man, the maid's abed!"

Pentreath did not enter the house, but waited an hour outside in the street, like a sentinel; the passers wondered to see the man standing there like a stone image in the rain.

Then Agatha came out with a message, "Missus says will 'e come in-doors?"

David entered the kitchen, but would not sit down; he stood by the wall, his head on a level with the top of the great eight-day clock.

Presently Aunt Deborah Trethewey

came in; she was not knitting for once, the occasion being too emotional.

"'Tis a merciful escape, David," said she; "the Lord hath brought our dear maid out o' the valley o' the shadda."

"I want to see Zillah particular, Aunt Deborah," said David.

Aunt Deborah hesitated. The good soul had lately worried a good deal over her knitting. The threads of young life around her were not making the pattern she hoped for; they were getting sadly tangled.

"Zillah's awake. I reckon you can see her, David; she's a bit battered, an' looks weak."

She led the way up the narrow stair, and David, following with heavy tread, had to duck low to escape the beams.

"'Tis David come to see 'e," said Aunt Deborah, opening the door; then the good soul beat an instant retreat.

It was a long, low chamber, and the roof sloped at one end, so that David had perforce to stand with the bowed head of penitence. At the farther end of the room, propped with pillows, lay Zillah, her head bandaged, and a cross of plaster on her temple, yet looking lovely in spite of these disfigurements. She smiled as he entered; but the smile was wasted upon him, for a blur was over his sight, and he saw nothing but the vague white bed.

"'Tis good of 'e to come, Dave," said the girl gently; and presently the mist cleared, and he saw the pallid, plastered face of Zillah in its scarred loveliness looking wistfully towards him. He noted the linen fillet that swathed her head, and the bandage at her wrist; and he sobbed aloud.

"I'm afraid I'm a poor object to look at, Dave," said she, half-laughing. "'Tis the Lord's work."

"No!" cried he hoarsely; "'tis the devil's doings, an' David Pentreath's!" And straightway he plunged into his confession. Zillah buried her face in her shaking hands as she listened, and

gave a gasp when the tale reached its climax. Dave spoke no word of regret or contrition, but told his naked story as if it concerned not himself but another; but at the close he cried vehemently, "That'll show 'e what love'll bring a man to; for I have loved 'e, Zillah—loved 'e in my wrong-headed way—loved 'e with a love that's so deep's the pit! I came back to surrender myself for killing 'e—'tis the mercy o' God I didn't; an' I believe I stand within the law as 'tis. If so, here I be!"

The girl removed her hands from her eyes, and looked up at him. In the fitness of things there should have been some horror or aversion in her face, or at least indignation and reproach; the look in her eyes may have been pity; if so, pity had taken to itself a strange gleam.

"I am going to South Africa, Zillah!"

"Oh, David, David!" At last the terror of his tale had struck home, and in a troubled voice she asked, "Why should 'e go? The law can't touch 'e now."

Passionately, almost fiercely, David answered, "I couldn't bide in the same land with you an' he. I couldn't live in the same air."

"He!" She echoed the misused pronoun with an inflection of scorn. "When we were buried in that awful place he kept striking wax matches, though I begged him not to burn the little air that was left us, and it seemed to me that his hand shook more than a man's should, and every match showed me the face of a coward, terribly afraid of death. And when the place became hot and stifling, with one little breathing-hole between the stones, it seemed to me—God forgive me if I'm wrong!—that he was too eager for the air, and kept me back from the fair chance of life. Poor fellow! And the Lord made things clear to me there in the dark, Dave—

things that I'd been doubtful about in the daylight. And now—now you'm going foreign!"

"Iss, Zillah, I'm going to South Africa."

"What will a passionate, fierce-tempered man like you do, Dave, wandering about the face of the earth? You want a woman's hand upon 'e, and a woman's voice to calm 'e."

"Iss, I believe I do," said David stupidly.

"The Lord hath saved 'e from a terrible crime, Dave; but the intention was there, and you have the heart of a murderer."

"Iss, a murderer," admitted David, hearing the accusing words, but blind to the appealing eyes.

Chambers's Journal.

"'Tis a dreadful thing to love a murderer, and a terrible—responsibility; and 'tis a bad job for me, for I do love 'e, David—fool that I be, I'm afraid I love 'e dearly!"

David stood like a man dreaming. Too abased in his contrition to catch the significance of the wistful voice, the yearning look, he was suddenly conscious of the outstretching of two white-sleeved arms.

And later, when Aunt Deborah came upstairs with a loaded tray, making a portentous rattle of china at the threshold, the big fellow was kneeling at the bedside, with the girl's bandaged hand upon his head.

James Patey.

## HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

### WITH SOME UNPUBLISHED LETTERS AND VERSES.

A portfolio of prints and papers, formerly belonging to a printer and publisher of Kendal, has recently come before the notice of the writer. Among the contents were found some remains of Wordsworth and of Hartley Coleridge. Those of Wordsworth consist of two notes, of uninviting appearance and merely business character, concerned with a once well-known guide to the English Lake District, for which the poet had written a portion of the letter-press. The remains of Hartley Coleridge, however, are of considerable general interest, and may serve to recall the personal charm of a writer little remembered at the present day.

The two following letters refer to a set of memorial verses, which will be found below. It is characteristic of our author that a large number of his verses were suggested by such topics

as the births, marriages, and deaths of relatives and friends.

The Nab (Rydal), July 8, 1847.

Dear Sir,—That excellent English yeoman, James Fleming (it would be abominable to *Mister* him), wishes to have four dozen copies of the enclosed verses printed, at your earliest convenience, of course for private circulation only. It is some satisfaction that my little knack of verse enables me to give some consolation to a good man, who has lost his youngest, perhaps his favorite, child. I have too much value for the time of a man of business to trouble you with a long letter, so with kind respects to Mrs. Hudson, whose health I hope improves, I remain, your much obliged,

Hartley Coleridge.

N.B.—As my writing is not the most intelligible in the world, I would thank you for a proof. J. F. will be answerable for any expense incurred. Re-

member me kindly to Mr. Gough when you see him.

Rydal, August 15, 1847.

Dear Sir,—Tho' I am much obliged to you for your marginal corrections, I cannot think the amputations you propose at all necessary or advantageous. The extension of the line by an additional short syllable is authorized by the best versifiers, and by Dryden himself, the great model of couplet versification. An effect was intended; the change of movement indicates the change of feeling.

As to the lines which you characterize as obscure, I think you will find them clear enough if you recollect that according to the received belief of the *Ages of Faith*, two principle (*sic*) causes of a ghost's walking were the concealment of treasures or concealed sins. Except under these cases, persons who died from natural causes seldom or never became commonplace bugga-boo ghosts, tho' eminent saints sometimes were permitted to appear in a glorified state, to warn or console beloved survivors. Nor are legends wanting of wicked souls returning from the bottomless Pit, with a benevolence hardly to be expected in spirits utterly and hopelessly reprobate: to account for which seeming inconsistency Divines had recourse to a very ingenious hypothesis—to wit: that every additional convict is another faggot to increase the heat of the flames; an opinion, strange as it may sound, very capable of a sound allegorical comment. It is versified after his own fashion by Quarles, who probably did not invent it. It was doubtless etched with sulphuric acid on the brain of a monk.

That drop-requesting Dives did desire  
His brother might have warning of  
that fire

Whose flames he felt. Could he, a  
Fiend, wish well

To man? What! is there charity in  
Hell?

Each soul that's damn'd is a brand of  
fire

To make Hell so much hotter, and the  
nigher

In love or blood they be that are tor-  
mented

The more their pains and torments are  
augmented.

—"Divine (!) Fancies."

As I have got upon the subject of ghosts, you may perhaps be amused with a narrative, which I believe to be a fact. It is something in your way, and the finest stroke of puffery that I ever read of. A certain Bookseller, whose name I forget, published a translation from the French of "Drelin-court on Death"—a good book, I daresay, though I never read it through—and its intrinsic merit did not avail to make it sell in an age, if not less religious, less busy and anxious about religion than the present. But the worthy Bibliopole was not content to sit down under loss without effort. So he engaged Daniel De Foe to draw up a full and veracious account of the apparition of Mrs. Veal, who came from Heaven to visit one of her friends for the express purpose of recording the inestimable benefit her soul had derived from the perusal of "Drelin-court on Death." I believe the device succeeded; certainly Drelin-court became a popular book among the serious, has been often reprinted both in London and in the provinces, is distributed in numbers, with the account of the apparition prefixed. You have doubtless often seen it. No man could ever impart to fiction the same appearance of reality as Daniel De Foe. His recently deceased namesake (whose embalmed body, exhibiting at a guinea a head, has been the Jenny Lind of Ireland) was not half so matter of fact in his—but I'll say nothing rude of the dead.

Had the lines on Mary Fleming been intended for public sale, I should have added a few notes, but as they are printed for private distribution only, this would be needlessly increasing the expense, for I can give all necessary explanations by word of mouth.

I was never an expert corrector of the Press, and have forgotten some of the marks; but I should be obliged to you to commence the lines beginning "For she is dead," "Yes, she was fair," "But God, all wise," as new paragraphs. I know that there is a puzzling similarity between my A's, O's,

and U's. I am a pest to the composers.

I hope Mrs. Hudson's health continues to improve. The people hereabouts have got into a sad habit of marrying. The worshipful the Mayor of Stockport (?) seriously threatens bringing a young and lovely bride in the course of the autumn. But you will hear nothing so foolish of, Yours truly,

H. Coleridge.

The verses which occasioned this delightful letter do not appear in the portfolio; I am indebted for a copy of them to Mr. James Fleming, of the Knott House, Grassmere, who is a grandson of "that excellent English yeoman, James Fleming."

MARY FLEMING.

DIED AUGUST, 1846.

Aged 21 Years.

Hush'd is the vale, yet ever and again  
There comes a sigh as of o'er-mastered  
pain;  
The sky is clad in clouds, obscurely  
white  
As garment of a female anchorite:  
The voice we speak in is sedate and  
low  
Our wildest lads demurely walk and  
slow:  
The clamorous wind holds in its noisy  
breath,  
Awed by the presence of a holy death.

For she is dead that was of all ap-  
proved,  
And loving many was by many loved.  
Small need, I ween, of that dull boom-  
ing bell  
Whose sad tautology is task'd to tell  
What we all know—all, woefully, too  
well—  
That she that wont to walk along the  
way  
With step so light, yet firm, with heart  
so gay,  
Yet self-possess'd—with form erect and  
tall,  
And smiles that were a daily festival—  
Now lies a model of inanimate earth,  
Nor hears the sobs heaved by her deso-  
late hearth,

Yet wears that look of patience that  
she wore  
Through months of pain—still trying,  
often sore.

Yes, she was fair—and, better far,  
was good,  
Most lovely in her early womanhood,—  
Fair, yet not too fair for the busy life  
And daily duties of a plain man's  
wife;  
With just enough of scholarship to see  
Both what she ought to do and ought  
to be,—  
Full fitted seem'd she for the lot which  
heaven  
In its benignant care to her had given.

But God, all-wise—and surely He  
knows best—  
Decrees the maiden to be early blest  
We shall not see her, for she will not  
walk  
In the cold moonshine, and she will  
not talk,  
In the chill whistling of the midnight  
wind;  
No buried treasure has she left behind;  
No sin she did not upon earth confess  
Obscures her hope of perfect blessed-  
ness.  
We shall not see her till—God grant  
we may  
See her again—in God's eternal day!

The following verses are without  
date, title, or autograph, but their au-  
thorship is sufficiently attested by the  
handwriting; they might be appropri-  
ately entitled "The Ring."

Light is the love of youth as morning  
dew,  
And evanescent as an infant's tears;  
But sure the Love is wise, and must  
be true,  
That can survive the test of patient  
years.

That ring I gave thee—when I was so  
young  
I hardly knew the half of thy great  
worth;  
I heard the soft sweet accents of thy  
tongue,  
And saw thy face array'd (?) with  
radiant mirth;



But Love is not the comrade of an hour,  
It is not all exhausted in a sigh,  
It is a will, a duty, and a power,  
A temporal witness of eternity;

True love abides the peril of delay,  
Controls the restlessness of fond desire,  
It has a fancy born for every day,  
A tide of feeling that can never tire;—

And so the ring that on thy finger glows  
And there has glitter'd for so long a time;  
Pledge of a faith that daily stronger grows,  
And will remain until the doom sublime,

Shall blend our natures with the power above,  
From whence we spring and whither we are bound;  
May still remain the witness of a love  
Pure as its ore, and endless as its round.

Lastly, I find two sonnets, apparently intended to introduce a narrative poem. Of these two full copies exist, in different handwriting and with several slight variants, including an alternative sestet for the second sonnet. A third copy of this latter sonnet is found, in yet another handwriting, bearing in a later hand the signature "T. Preston, Jr., Ardwick, Manchester." What appears to be the original version is written in the same hand as a copy of a sonnet addressed to Wordsworth and printed in Hartley Coleridge's poems. There is little room for doubt that we have in them a specimen of Hartley's early work.

#### Introduction.

##### 1st.

This grassy Mountain-cup, and that round Pool,  
As here I rested, prying o'er its brim,  
From fogs relieved, and glad to breathe the cool

Of its sweet waters that as yet looked dim—  
That pool, with this green Bank, methought did swim  
Smoothly along; then something me upbore  
Most lonesome amid seas remote from shore.  
Those rocks—become a shadow on the Mind!  
Uprose an ancient Pile of lordly guise.  
Confusedly I roamed, most unconfin'd—  
Through dim remembrances, and land that lies  
Over the Main—musing on many ills,  
Yet sensible to sounds that seemed to rise  
Like voices in the chambers of these hills.

##### 2nd.

Time was when I could weep; but now all care  
Is gone—yet have I gazed till sense deceived  
Almost assures me that her bosom heav'd;  
And o'er those features, as the lightest air  
On summer sea, Life play'd, did they but bear  
One trace of Mind, faintly in sleep perceiv'd,  
Wand'ring, from earthly impulse unreliev'd,  
Through regions of Emotion, wild or fair.  
That mind is gone! and now, while over all  
A ghastly dreaming quiet seems to lie,  
All sounds subdued to mournful harmony,  
My heart is tranquil; sunk beyond the call  
Of Hope or Fear; and still must deeper fall,  
Down—down with Time, till e'en remembrance die.

#### (Alternative Sestet.)

They passed;—and what seemed years  
Of Sights and Pain,

Falsehood and Truth most oddly  
 were combin'd.  
 I would have fled a Fiend! but strove  
 in vain.  
 All these I then retraced, intent to  
 find  
 (As down the foggy steeps I forced my  
 way)  
 The crude materials for an humble  
 Lay.

What manner of man was the writer of these poems? Something may be surmised even from such few and casual relics. A man of ready sympathy and old-fashioned courtesy; of strong sense and delicate sensibility; affectionate and pious; of pleasant humor and curious learning; well read in English poetry and himself possessed of some poetic gift, a "knack of verse," as he phrased it in the modesty of his later years. If we would learn more of his life and nature we must turn to his published writings,<sup>1</sup> to the memoir written by his brother, and to the recollections of his friends.

Hartley Coleridge was the eldest of the three children of S. T. Coleridge, the others being Derwent and Sara. Though born at Clevedon near Bristol, in 1796, his childhood—a singularly happy one—was mainly passed at Greta Hall, Keswick, where the Coleridge and Southey families lived in common. A portion of the house was occupied, till his death in 1809, by its builder, a Mr. Jackson, and his house-keeper, Mrs. Wilson. Hartley soon became the spoilt darling of these good people, known affectionately to the children as "Jacky" and "Wilsy." The house, still an object of interest and reverence to the visitors and residents of Keswick, had, a hundred years ago, a large nursery garden in front, and an orchard and a small wood at the back, with a rough river path where

a large part of the life of the children was spent. One of its rooms, containing Mr. Jackson's organ, was known originally as the "Organ" Room, and later as "Peter"; another was nicknamed "Paul," because Peter was robbed to fit it with books; a third, stocked with ragged volumes, re-bound at home in colored prints, was dubbed the Cottonian Library. Books were to be found at every turn, for Southey's library was ever expanding. On revisiting the house in later years Hartley viewed the inevitable alterations with much disfavor. "The Organ room," he wrote, "is out of tune . . . the conversion of *Paul* appears to me little better than apostasy."

Physically, Hartley Coleridge was of diminutive and awkward appearance, scarcely more than five feet high, with unusually small head, clumsy shoulders, and small hands and feet. He had, however, beautiful hair and brilliant, flashing eyes. His hair grew prematurely grey, and was quite white before his death in 1849, in his fifty-third year. His brother tells us that he early acquired the gait and appearance of advanced age. His later portrait shows a broad forehead backed by a mane of abundant silver hair, strongly marked brows, and alert eyes. The face is somewhat marred by the wide nose and broad weak mouth.

Wilkie's portrait of him at the age of ten shows a shapely head, with dark hair, delicate ears, oval face, rather high eyebrows, and wide open pensive eyes. The prevailing expression, which gives the portrait its value and charm, is that dreaminess which above all characterized the child Hartley.

"The child is father to the man." The eccentricity and personal fascination which marked Hartley Coleridge

<sup>1</sup> "Poems," by Hartley Coleridge; with a memoir of his life by his brother; 2 vols. Moxon, 1851. "Essays and Marginalia," by Hartley Coleridge; edited by his brother; 2 vols. Moxon, 1851. "The Works of Maassinger and Ford,"

edited with lives of the authors by Hartley Coleridge. Moxon, 1839. "Biographia Borealis," or Lives of Northern Worthies. Bingley, Leeds, 1832.

throughout life displayed themselves early. Wordsworth addressed a poem "To H. C., six years old," remarkable both in its portraiture of the child and in its prophetic glimpses of the future:—

O Thou! whose fancies from afar are brought. . . .  
O blessed vision! happy Child!  
Thou art so exquisitely wild,  
I think of thee with many fears  
For what may be thy lot in future years.  
. . . When Pain might be thy guest.

Yet he believes that Nature will, through all the buffets of this world,

Preserve for thee by individual right  
A young lamb's heart among the full-grown flocks. . . .

Thou art a Dewdrop which the Morn brings forth,  
Ill-fitted to sustain unkindly shocks,  
Or to be trailed along the soiling earth;  
A gem that glitters while it lives  
And no forewarning gives;  
But at the touch of wrong, without a strife,  
Slips in a moment out of life.

His father's words reinforce and illustrate this picture. One of his letters describes Hartley at the age of seven.

A strange, strange boy, an utter visionary; like the moon among thin clouds, he moves in a circle of light of his own making; he alone is a light of his own. He has no vanity, no pride, no resentments; and though very passionate, I never yet saw him angry with anybody. Though seven years old, he is the merest child. His dispositions are very sweet, he is a great lover of truth and of the finest moral nicety of feelings, yet *always dreaming*.

He was accustomed to make long extempore prayers aloud to his beloved Wilsey; when comfortably settled in bed—never before—and in the mood, he would touch Mrs. Wilson, and saying "Now listen!" would start off like a preacher. When five years old he was

asked a question about being called Hartley. "Which Hartley?" demanded the boy. "Why! is there more than one Hartley?" inquired the visitor. "Yes," he replied, "there's a deal of Hartleys." "How so?" "There's Picture Hartley (Hazlitt had painted a portrait of him), and Shadow Hartley, and there's Echo Hartley, and Catch-me-fast Hartley;" at the same time seizing his own arm very eagerly. He used at the same age to be "in an agony of thought, puzzling himself about the reality of existence."

As he grew older the tyranny of these metaphysical problems died away. He lived in the stirring epoch of the Napoleonic wars, and acquired a vivid and precocious interest in politics. He listened eagerly to the discussions of public events between his father, Wordsworth, Southey, and their friends; the greater part of his eleventh year was spent in visiting new scenes, Leicestershire, London, Bristol, and the West of England. All the knowledge thus acquired, passing through the prism of his mind, was transformed into something "rich and strange."

Out of a fantastic imagination in his early childhood he evolved an ideal world, an Utopia, which quickly assumed vast dimensions. In a field near his home was to gush forth a cataract, quaintly named Jugforce, which became a river with populous banks, flowing into an ocean with isles and continents. Day by day new details were added, till to himself, and to his chief companions, bewitched by his eloquence and conviction, the history and geography of this region became far more familiar than those of the world of fact. Every place and person received a distinctive name; thus Jugforclia was altered by a species of anagram into Ejuxria, and Fitzharding into Fizzardin. Each nation had its separate life, political, religious, social and literary; parliamentary debates, wars, revolutions, all the elements of a

complex civilization were woven by degrees into this wondrous romance, which formed for years the chief pre-occupation of its author. He appeared absolutely convinced of the reality of his narratives, and unconscious of the process of invention. Walking in a very pensive mood one day, he was asked what ailed him, and replied, "My people are too fond of war, and I have just made an eloquent speech in the Senate, which has not made any impression upon them, and to war they will go!" Though the map of Ejuxria perished, one relic of its later history survived in Mrs. Coleridge's handwriting in the shape of "The history of St. Malo, an enthusiastic Reformer and Hierophant." Hartley in later years drew the picture of his mother "patiently performing the part of an amanuensis, while I, stamping about the room, dictated with all the importance of an unfledged authorling."

At the small private school at Ambleside, to which he went in 1808, the same faculty of invention and fluent improvisation revealed itself in a slightly different form. He never played, having neither taste for games nor physical dexterity; but in the dormitory night after night for years he entertained his companions with a tale of his own composition. This romance, to which as it neared its end the name of "The Virtuous Robbers" was given, became in length, scale, and complexity, an achievement parallel to the history of Ejuxria, which it surpassed in dramatic and emotional power.

In 1815 he went to Oxford as a Postmaster of Merton. The best extant record of his life at this period is found in a letter of the Rev. A. Dyce.

I remember him as a young man who possessed an intellect of the highest order, with great simplicity of character and considerable oddity of manner. His extraordinary power as a converser (or rather, a declaimer) pro-

cured for him numerous invitations to what are called at Oxford "wine parties." He knew that he was expected to talk, and talking was his delight. Leaning his head on one shoulder, turning up his dark bright eyes, and swinging backwards and forwards in his chair, he would hold forth by the hour (for no one wished to interrupt him) on whatever subject might have been started—either of literature, politics or religion—with an originality of thought, a force of illustration, and a facility and beauty of expression, which I question if any man then living, except his father, could have surpassed.

He worked hard as his final examination approached, and was placed in the second class in *literis humanioribus*; shortly afterwards he obtained a Fellowship at Oriel with high distinction. Unfitted by temperament for the struggles of professional life, he now seemed to have happily attained just that competence and independent position which would bring his natural gifts to maturity. The delicate plant of such fair promise appeared to be on the point of a splendid efflorescence. We have now reached the crisis of Hartley Coleridge's life, of which the details are largely veiled from the public gaze; and it is necessary to bring together and try to grasp the significance of certain peculiarities of his nature, if we would explain his later history.

His father noted that he was "very passionate," in such paroxysms he had as a child the habit of biting his arm, and Southey nicknamed him Job because of his impatience. Many of his childish faults were committed unconsciously, through intense absorption in thought:—"It is a sad pity, but it can't be helped, you know. I am always being a bad boy," he said, "when I am thinking of my own thoughts." He was of extreme sensibility, which he was quite unable to control; thus he could not open a letter without trem-

bling. We are told that he shrank from mental pain and was beyond measure impatient of control. He was dowered with the melancholy of the artistic temperament, and was subject to fits of unreasoning despondency. He said once, "I have even heard a voice, yes, not like a creation of the fancy, but an audible and sensuous voice, foreboding evil to me;" in such a mood his youthful poem "Presentiment" was composed. His failure to win the Newdigate induced a depression altogether disproportionate to the occasion; indeed he dated from this event his "downward declension, impotence of will, and melancholy recklessness." He confesses, "It was the first time I sought relief from wine."

The Oriel Fellowship was as usual granted in the first instance for a probationary period of twelve months. During this time Hartley, shy and diffident yet proud and defiant, felt under a kind of espionage against which he weakly rebelled. His Bohemian habits offended the clerical decorum of the Common Room, and were deemed highly undesirable in a resident Fellow. None of his new associates appear to have welcomed him with the sympathy which might have broken down the barrier of his super-sensitive shyness, or to have read his character or felt his winning charm or had any inkling of his inherent purity and religious feeling.

If we lament their blindness and lack of sympathy we must lay the chief blame on his own wilful moodiness at this unhappy period. His faults were glaring enough, from unpunctuality and disregard of the niceties of college etiquette, to occasional intemperance, failure as a tutor, and views on politics, religion, and university discipline, which were certainly liberal and appeared at times revolutionary. The very brilliance of his intellectual and conversational gifts

made the possible influence of this reputed *enfant terrible* all the more dangerous; and the result of the whole matter was that at the close of the year of probation Hartley was deprived of his Fellowship, mainly on the ground of intemperance, while receiving a solatium of £300.

He never recovered from the blow; and Wordsworth's lines,

At the touch of wrong, without a  
strife,  
Slips in a moment out of life,

received an unforeseen fulfilment. The little rift within the lute—that infirmity of will which he inherited perhaps from his father—became increasingly apparent. Literary works were projected and begun, but soon abandoned; an attempt at schoolmastering at Ambleside proved, as indeed he foresaw from the first, a failure; the thought of taking holy orders was abandoned as presumptuous. In many respects he was admirably qualified for the work of a country clergyman, but he very rightly judged himself precluded by his besetting infirmity from entering upon it. For neither reason nor religion availed to shake off permanently the tyranny of the habit of intemperance which had been allowed to grow on him. Yet the sweetness and purity of his nature remained undimmed; he was deeply, unaffectedly religious; and herein lies the pitiful tragedy of his life.

His weakness and self-distrust cut him off also from another life-long dream, that of a happy marriage; he dared not run the risk of visiting his own shame on innocent souls, and so voluntarily sacrificed consolations which thousands of worse men enjoy. This too should be counted to him for righteousness. He lived and died a genial old bachelor, not of the type of Lamb (who preferred babies "boiled") but a lover of young folk, in particular



of all little girls, finding his joys vicariously in the families of his friends. As a poet of babyhood he anticipated Mr. Swinburne.

On the failure of the school he removed to Grasmere. Here, and at the Nab Cottage, Rydal, close to his life-long friends the Wordsworths, he passed, with but a few brief periods of absence, the remainder of his life. He lived with the greatest simplicity and economy, spending his time largely in reading, meditation, and writing. Of the literary outcome of these quiet years—alas! too scanty—it is no part of the present sketch to attempt any elaborate criticism. In poetry his performance was sadly inadequate to his gifts. Unstable as water, the curse of Reuben lay on him. The lines on November, displaying a Shakesperian fancy and beauty of diction, and the fragment of a drama on Prometheus prove him to have acquired early a mastery of the technique of verse; but he was deficient in constructive and dramatic power, and above all he lacked the strenuous, persistent application without which the greater achievements of poetry are impossible.

To this distaste for continuous exertion may be partly attributed his fondness for the sonnet form, and the readiness with which he yielded to the temptations of "occasional" poetry. He had an itch for rhyming which took the line of least resistance; and his powers were frittered away on a succession of album verses, valentines, lines addressed to infants, relatives, flowers, animals—even, in a mock-heroic vein, to the red herring! It should be remembered however that the bulk of his later verse was not written with any direct view to publication. For the rest, his verse, facile and seldom deep, is chiefly marked by graceful fancy and unfailing smoothness and melody; and a large number of his poems have a pathetic personal

interest. Note the exquisite simplicity and passion in the closing cadences of the sonnet beginning, "Think upon Death."

Dead is my father, dead is my good mother,

And what on earth have I to do but die?

But if by grace I reach the blessed sky,

I fain would see the same, and not another;

The very father that I used to see,

The mother that has nursed me on her knee.

His sketches of English poets form a rhymed *résumé* of the numerous MS. notes with which he enriched the blank pages and margins of his well-thumbed copy of "Anderson's British Poets." "The Marginalla," together with the more elaborate essays on Shakespeare, Hamlet, and Parties in Poetry, contain a mass of acute and independent criticism, mostly terse, forcible, and just in expression; the notes on Dryden in particular are highly suggestive and illuminating. The prose of his first essays is essentially that of a poetic mind, eloquent and musical, full of color and richness, with similes and metaphors crowding on one another. An example of this early style may be given, from the Essay on the Heathen Mythology; the reference is to Greek poetry and religion.

Oh! what a faith were this, if human life were indeed but a summer's dream, and sin and sorrow but a bel-dame's tale, and death the fading of a rainbow, or the sinking of a breeze into quiet air; if all mankind were lovers and poets, and there were no truer pain than the first sigh of love, or the yearning after ideal beauty; if there were no dark misgivings, no obstinate questionings, no age to freeze the springs of life, and no remorse to taint them.

Flowing and natural as it appears,

this style was quickly abandoned. The discourses on *Black Cats* and on *Brevity* remind the reader irresistibly of the quaint humor of Charles Lamb. Let us take the opening paragraph of the latter.

"Brevity," says Polonius, "is the soul of wit," and twenty men as wise as he have said so after him. "Truth," says Mr. Stephen Jones, the worthy compiler of various *Biographical*, *Geographical*, and *Lexicographical Duodecimos*, "is the soul of my work, and brevity is its body." Strange quality, that can at once be body and soul! Rare coincidence, that the soul of wit should be the body of a pocket dictionary!

Hartley was through life remarkably self-consistent, and his opinions and prejudices on matters of art and literature were formed early, and were little modified by subsequent reflection. In his later work his style is easy, conversational, and wholly subservient to the matter expressed. Amazingly discursive, often charmingly egotistic, writing as it were in dressing-gown and easy slippers, he let his fancy play freely round his subject, writing as he thought and what he thought "*de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*."

Mellowed by advancing years, he was beloved by all his neighbors, gentle and simple. "In the farmhouse or the cottage," we are told, "not alone at times of a rural festivity, at a sheep-shearing, a wedding, or a christening, but by the ingle-side with the grandmother and the 'bairns', he was made, and felt himself, at home." His amiable eccentricities continued; at meal-times, when he had anything especially pointed to say, he would stand up or even walk round the dining-table; when walking with a friend, he would be struck by some sudden thought and start off running; or he might see a tethered donkey and fling his arms about its neck. He loved

animals, and, like his father, had a particular fondness for the donkey tribe, whose intelligence he often vindicated with much humorous ingenuity. Once, taking refuge in a wayside hostel from a storm, he was moved to deliver an impromptu historical lecture to an audience of Cumbrian farmers. "Ay, but Mr. Coleridge talks fine!" was their verdict. He wandered round the country, an unkempt, weather-beaten figure, with his trousers—generally too long—doubled halfway up the leg, unbrushed, and often splashed, and his hat brushed the wrong way, for he never used an umbrella. He mixed freely with all, and they loved him in return, venerating his talents, and proud to have him in their midst.

A charming picture of him is drawn by one of his pupils at Sedbergh, where he took temporary work in 1837 and 1838.

I first saw Hartley when he heard us our lesson in Mr. Green's parlor. My impression of him was what I conceived Shakespeare's idea of a gentleman to be, something which we like to have in a picture. He was dressed in black; his hair, just touched with grey, fell in thick waves down his back, and he had a frilled shirt on; and there was a sort of autumnal ripeness and brightness about him. His shrill voice and his quick, authoritative "right! right!" and the chuckle with which he translated "*rerum repetundarum*" as "*peculation*, a very common vice in governors of all ages," after which he took a turn round the sofa—all struck me amazingly.

*After which he took a turn round the sofa!* What an illuminating touch! He was a most stimulating teacher to the boys of the Sixth; but they must have been amazed to see him—the deputy headmaster—running along the fields with arms outstretched, and talking to himself!

He died on January 6th, 1849, of bronchitis, after a short illness; and

was buried at Grasmere Churchyard in a spot selected by Wordsworth, beside that which the aged poet had chosen for his own grave. His sister Sara wrote of him, "he was the source to us all of pride and pleasure, of keen anguish and searching anxiety . . . The most attaching of men . . . Never was a man more beloved in life and mourned in death."

Two short quotations from his poems may fitly close this record:

All things I loved, however strange or odd,  
Temple Bar.

As deeming all things were beloved by God.

There is a fable that I once did read,  
Of a bad angel that was some way good,

And therefore on the brink of heaven he stood,

Looking each way, and no way could proceed;

Till at the last he purged away his sin,

By loving all the joy he saw within.

Remittuntur ei peccata multa, quoniam dilexit multum.

*J. K. Hudson.*

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## LETTERS TO A LITERARY ASPIRANT.

(Being an Anatomy of Art contained in a few letters addressed to Mr. —, and now published by permission of the writer.)

### IV.

*My dear Nephew,*—Can you be funny, if you try very hard? I do not mean "are you naturally humorous?" for that would open no new door in fiction, and this time I am going to suggest a raid on originality. The whole of existence can be treated humorously, as Mr. Fielding, for instance, treated it; though, on the other hand, a saving sense of humor will enjoin you to except many matters from its dominion, and to obtain much of your effect by contrast with more serious scenes. As, for example, when poor Peter Peebles stumbles in upon Justice Foxley's inquiry, or Major Pendennis comments on the misfortunes of his friends. This method will create no "boom." "It has been done before, and reminds us of some one else," the critics will say; "what we want is originality." So to avoid this fate you must seek another road to notoriety.

Such a facetious highway was dis-

covered some years ago, in America, I believe; and this route has since been followed nearer home, with modifications that have satisfied the most exacting critics of its freshness, and a success that must have convinced the authors of their mission. The basis of the method is this. You adopt the rôle of a semi-educated buffoon, and in this capacity narrate your escapades as the persevering and long-suffering clown who enlivens the domestic hearth and exhilarates the sea- (or river-) side resorts to which he repairs on bank holidays. Nothing but funniments happen (to use a term appropriate to your supposititious character); your acquaintance includes no gentlefolk and no one of normal intelligence, and in this society you and your "pals" butt your heads together, abstract each others' flasks, deceive your wives, and forget your latch-keys.

The Humorist who capers thus disguised then labels his work with some such alluring legend as "Five Men in

a Pub," or "Mary Anne," or any other title that will cause an expectant giggle as soon as it is advertised.

Now, I would not have you copy too slavishly the works of these masters, or you will have their admirers crying "Imitator!" round your heels. Purloin a technique if you will, but be careful to obliterate the owner's monogram. Nothing looks worse than a conviction for larceny. Nothing is easier to avoid with a little ingenuity. For instance, why not apply the method I have described to a different stratum of society? Suppose we bid for the Humorist's laurels in the guise of a funny marquis, and see who will dare to deny us our meed.

"It won't do," I remarked.

"What won't?" asked the Viscount.

He always was obtuse, was the Viscount. It is hereditary I expect. His uncle lost an archbishopric through the same defect.

"Would you like your apron?" Lord Salisbury asked him one day when they were on especially friendly terms.

"No, thanks," said the Viscount's uncle. "Crumbs don't show on this suit."

The Viscount suffers in just the same way. Once, when we were leaving Buckingham Palace together, I proposed to give him a lift in my hansom.

"You don't fool me," he replied.

"When once you're inside there won't be room for a garden ladder, much less a lift. Besides, how high do you propose to go?"

That is the Viscount all over. He has no imagination; at least, not what Bertie and I call imagination.

"No," I repeated, "it won't do."

He looked pained.

"Markiss," said he, "you should really be more careful who you say these things to."

At that moment the door opened and my wife entered. Nobody has more

regard for my wife than I have, while the Viscount professes a respect for her second only to the veneration he feels for the Viscountess; but at that moment her appearance was inopportune. Wives are so thoughtless in these matters. I remember a man once who had just taken his two young cousins upon his knee. Neither was more than six-and-twenty, and one would have supposed that nothing could be more natural than his action; but his wife happened to open the door just as he was arranging to take them for a fishing party to the Seine. The latch had recently been oiled, so that they did not hear her till the expedition had been planned down to the present they were to give to the guard, while she was too well bred to interrupt them sooner. When she did speak it was to modify their arrangements so materially that all the fun was gone.

I call that shabby.

The Marchioness is not quite so inconsiderate, but, like other women, she frequently puts a wrong construction upon things.

"What has he been saying to you, Viscount?" she asked.

"Only that my cuffs are getting frayed," he answered.

Now, I don't object to a man telling a lie now and then. Often it is necessary. But I do object to his telling a bad one. The Viscount happened to be wearing only a flannel shirt and a dickey: one of those things you fasten with a safety-pin to your waistcoat, and then you wonder how long the arrangement will continue. Of course my wife became restless. Women are so absurd.

[Et cetera, et cetera. By introducing humorous anecdotes and illustrations, this conversation can be prolonged through several chapters. The mosaic thus constructed is, I believe, technically termed "mirth-provoking."

We shall now go on to a still funnier

chapter, dealing with the adventures of the Marquis and his friends on their clandestine trip to Monte Carlo. Their noble consorts have been hoodwinked by an affectation of ill-health which renders a change to Southend necessary, and with their motor-cars and valets packed in the van, our frolicsome hereditary legislators start by special train for the Riviera. We are now arrived at what is called the "side-splitting" portion of our narrative.]

At Paris we awoke Bertie and told him he must put on his boots.

"Paris is a modern city," we said. "Its customs are almost identical with ours; therefore you must clothe your feet."

To this perfectly reasonable request Bertie replied that he had an aunt who had once been to Paris, and she had never told him anything about putting on her boots when she arrived there.

"It stands to reason," he argued, "that these absurd precautions are unnecessary. I have come to enjoy myself, and not to obey the dictates of an obsolete convention."

When Bertie gets into this humor there is no doing anything with him. He reminds me of the lady who was travelling to Siberia with a menagerie. "What is good enough for these fine creatures is good enough for me," she said; and so when she reached the frontier she refused to give up her ticket. The officials tried to persuade her, but it was no use, so they sent for the Governor, or the Satrap, or whatever the gentleman is called who wears gold lace and accepts a salary of fifty thousand annas or roubles or francs for doing something or other.

"You must either give up your ticket or travel with the man-eating shark," he said to her.

"I shall not give up my ticket, and I shall consider myself fortunate to have such a companion," she replied.

So she entered the tank with the

shark, and they have travelled together ever since—in fact, they are said to be inseparable.

That is Bertie all over. He just sat on the man-trap affair—the thing they fill with ice water and place on the floor to break your shins—and declared he would like to see the Frenchman who would make him move. Presently the door of our carriage opened and a moustache appeared. A little way behind the moustache we noticed a man, while out of its thickets proceeded a voice. The voice said something we none of us understood.

"He wants to have the carriage ventilated," said the Viscount, smashing a window in his hurry to open it, and upsetting two cases of champagne on to my head.

But still the moustache continued to make noises,—even more energetic noises than before, it seemed to me.

"You Johnnies don't understand the language," I said. "Leave him to me."

[And at this point we can leave him too. The adventures which follow are in the same merry vein, and while causing our intelligent friends some passing perplexity, do not materially impede their expedition.

But before we part company altogether I should like to show you how amusing a place even a country-seat can be made to appear when viewed through the interesting personality of our Marquis.]

Just then my valet came in to tell me that Tootles had left the bathroom tap running since five o'clock last night. Tootles is not, as you might think, a plumber or a water-bailiff, or even a shareholder in a reservoir; he is only the baby. His real name is the Earl of Blowmetite, but he is called Tootles from his habits, just as Bertie is called "Nips," and I am sometimes politely referred to by my intimates as "'Arry."

"Well, you Juggins," I replied. "Turn it off again."



"But the armory and the blue bedroom is flooded, my lord, and the charter-chest has floated out into the shrubbery, and nobody daren't go near it, for the bull-dog thinks it's his kennel.

"Give him a bone," I suggested, "a juicy succulent bone, and talk to him kindly. Say you knew his mother, and won't die happy till you have his photograph. You don't know how to manage dogs, that's evident."

I am afraid my valet was scarcely as grateful for this advice as he should have been. He merely said something about not having lived in an idiot home long enough to suit this place, and backed out. I always make my servants back out. It makes me seem more like the Prince of Wales. The great joke is to get some one to shut the door, and then watch the poor man trying to back his way through it. Even the Marchioness laughs, while the Viscount had to be brought round with a meat lozenge after watching my butler endeavor to perform this feat for twenty minutes on end one day.

I must frankly say I was annoyed by this accident. The charter-chest contains the only receipted bill I have ever possessed, and a very fine collection of manuscript Summonses; while the blue bedroom is Aunt Gwendolen's favorite retreat. She was coming to stay with us on Friday for the Hunt Ball—I don't mean the little ball of laudanum I give my hunters when they run in a steeple-chase, but a kind of thing where people dance in pink coats and shout "Forrad away!" when the band plays "John Peel." As I am generally the senior nobleman present, I have quite a good time of it. My social position has its drawbacks, however; I never seem able to be funny without getting a little vulgar, and my wife thinks a Marquis ought to be as polished as our front-door handle. I reminded her the other day that I was not that kind of knob,

but she only exclaimed, "Fitz-Algeron, get along with you!"

And so forth, till you have written the necessary number of words demanded by your publisher—and, my dear nephew, for the Lord's sake, stop there!—Your affectionate and well-intentioned  
Uncle.

## V.

*My dear Nephew.*—The particular branch of art to which I am now going to draw your attention is that termed Realism. By this phrase is meant making your tale seem as like real life as possible—that is to say, what would be real life to you supposing you were a dyspeptic driver on an underground train or a melancholic bankrupt applying for a divorce.

Assuming that you are enjoying neither of these experiences, the question you will naturally ask is, "How am I to adopt the necessary point of view of an existence that has hitherto seemed tolerable enough?"

Well, in the first place, I should recommend a lowering diet; then counting the ticking of a large clock for eight or nine consecutive hours should also prove of material assistance; till after three or four months of this treatment you should be near enough the requisite standard to attend to some directions concerning the method in which these idylls are constructed.

Suppose you set out from your apartments in the Albany upon a meditative ramble, in which direction would you naturally turn? Towards the Park or some other pleasant and amusing region, of course.

Realism turns towards the slums of Soho, and the dirtiest amongst those.

What would naturally attract your attention and give the twist to your thoughts? The pretty faces, the humors of the street, the brightest and

most attractive things you passed,—it goes without saying.

Realism attends to the ash-buckets, the smell of the fried-eel reservoirs, the bottle-nosed loafer propped against the wall.

And what would stick in your memory when you came in? Surely the two or three unexpected encounters, the incident that was a little different from other incidents.

Realism remembers the number of the lamp-posts passed, the pattern of the pavement flags, the specks of the everyday dust floating in the air.

And it is this that Realism calls a picture of life. Hence the necessity for a special course of preparation before handling its delicate tools. The reiteration of the unimportant and the obliteration of the picturesque are the two aims you must keep steadily before your eye. Here, for instance, is an instructive fragment, which suggests for its title "The Man and the Egg," or "The Desirability of Zero."

The maid-of-all-work knocked for the second time upon the door, and her ill-shod feet shuffled downstairs again. With a characteristic noise, between blowing and groaning, James Robinson raised himself in bed and felt for the handkerchief which he always kept beneath his pillow in case of nose-bleed. It was not there, and he remembered that he must have left it beneath the towel-rack with his boots. Accordingly he had a stronger incentive to rise than any stimulus which had prompted him for some weeks. First placing his left foot upon the linoleum of the floor, he followed it with his right, and finally stood erect, blinking at the murky light which straggled feebly between the dusty slats of the Venetian blinds. It was a cold morning, and he shivered a little; besides it was Tuesday, and ever since the evening spent in Mr. Starrat's bar-parlor, when he had con-

tracted a slight chill, he had always shivered on Tuesdays. A faint whiff of an unsavory odor came down the chimney from some other apartment, a beetle crawled slowly across the floor, and the sound of shrill drunken altercation reached him through a crack in the glass.

He had long intended to cover this crack with brown paper; but, as happens to so many men of his temperament, brown paper was a substance he had taken an almost morbid aversion to. It suggested parcels; also string and other things foreign to his disposition.

[And so on, till the desired effect of a muddy flatness has been obtained. "Why should the reader endure all this?" you may ask. For the same reason that he watches with a fascinated shudder the centipede crossing his table-cloth. He does it, and he pays you for it. Let that be sufficient.

We shall now plunge into the vortex, the Maelström, of the plot, and see if we cannot give our enthusiastic admirers their money's worth. But first perhaps we had better say a word or two about our hero, in case they might not accurately realize what an attractive specimen of vulgarity they were studying.]

James was average in all respects save those in which he fell below that convenient standard. He was spare of chin and pale of face, with projecting upper teeth on one side, and a curious gap, caused by biting upon an uncracked nut, on the other. His lips were thin, yet sensual, his mouth large, but devoid of all traces of character. Rather below middle-size, and slightly and unbecomingly moustached, he was further, by a happy mixture of nature and art, chronically dejected in aspect. Naturally timid and hesitating to the last degree, and absorbed only in himself and his digestion, he had been so kicked by his companions that he had

finally assumed a carriage which seemed an invitation for every passer-by to repeat this process.

[If this hero does not satisfy our public, I am far out of my reckoning. Let us now behold him in the fields of thought and conduct.]

"Egg morning," he said to himself, mechanically repressing the faint emotion which this reflection caused, for he was well aware of the insignificance of incidents.

Still buttoning his waistcoat with his left forefinger and thumb, he descended the unwashed stairs and entered the parlor, for which he entertained a dreary dislike.

[Minute details of things calculated to destroy the appetite introduced here. He is next seen at breakfast.]

"If cracking this egg were worth doing," said James, "I should leave it alone. It is merely because it is not that I propose to eat it."

Having thus salved what in another man would have been his conscience, he raised the knife in his right hand and balanced it irresolutely over the egg.

"My dear James!" exclaimed the Egg, "you overlook a most important point."

"That is why I overlook it," said James.

"Yet it is a matter which would distress you afterwards. I assure you the lifting of my crown would be to me an almost dramatic incident, and the insertion of your spoon a romance. Be consistent, James; your motto is monotony! Apply it, then, to the universe."

"But an egg is so small a thing," grumbled James. "Surely its cracking can't matter."

"I might become a chicken," said the Egg. "Who knows?"

"But you have been boiled."

"Not very hard."

"But if I allow you to become a chicken, that will be an important

event," said James, almost pleased by his own acumen.

"No, I assure you," replied the Egg. "It has happened to so many eggs already."

"Unfortunately I am hungry," said James.

[Observe the brevity and unadorned directness of these sentences. A touch of grace, a happy turn of phrase, a suggestion of pleasing sentiment; and the reader's spirits might begin to rise. Whether he would then throw the book away I cannot tell you, but that some such dreadful result is probable seems clear from the fact that the masters of this form of fiction never employ any of these devices. Possibly their own spirits would get elevated, and then their occupation would be gone; though why they should not become capital skate-fasteners instead is not so clear.

But to return to our romance. James sluggishly makes up what he calls his mind to crack the egg.]

"It must be done," said James feebly.

"Lay your hand upon me first," replied the Egg in a chilly voice.

"The devil!" cried James. "You are cold."

"I am grown cold indeed, quite unpalatable and highly indigestible now, I assure you."

"Well, after all," said our hero, "I have missed the point of my morning, which is always something."

"Everything, my dear James, everything. If you go on like this you will succeed in missing the whole point of your existence. You have begun the day well."

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This fragment is not intended to be interesting, or amusing, or edifying, otherwise it would not be realistic. If Realism has any aim at all (which many exponents of this school would indignantly deny), it is to cause in the reader a depression similar to that enjoyed by the author. Yet the rules

permit it to bait its hook with one inviting worm, which I regret that my relationship to you forbids my employing. I allude to that series of phenomena which forms also the subject-matter of the smoking-room story; only instead of treating these incidents as humorous exceptions to the respectable routine of life, you, with a serious face, perpetually remind your reader that they make the real atmosphere which he breathes at every inspiration. When in time he comes to believe this and act accordingly, such reward as an artist may claim is surely yours.—Your affectionate and well-intentioned

Uncle.

VI.

*My dear Nephew.*—It has struck me that supposing (as is probable) you inherit some of those qualities I myself possess, you will desire now and then to coruscate or glitter. This is a perfectly legitimate ambition, and it can easily be accomplished with a very little trouble, and practically no thought at all. Indeed you will soon find yourself upon some sleepless night emitting as it were a kind of phosphorescent light, just to relax your mind and keep you from serious and disturbing reflections. Then, perhaps, next morning, if it is too wet for outdoor exercise, and you have no one to play ping-pong with you, you will sit down and "throw off" (as it is technically termed) a story of the kind I am about to illustrate.

And the delightful part is that people will in consequence give you credit for all sorts of original and daring ideas—so potent is a popular formula.

In constructing such a work, a certain amount of latitude is permitted in the matter of what I may call *intensity*. That is to say, you may draw down the corners of your mouth, and in a pun-  
gently satirical manner sjambok the hollowness of anything that some good

authority has previously pronounced hollow. Or you may lean back in your chair and smile upon the world with a flippant cynicism that is very engaging, to women particularly. Or you may simply trust to the frequency of your epigrams and the excellent social position of your characters. In the sample that follows these different methods will be skilfully blended.

As to the plot, two rules only are necessary to bear in mind. It must not be very interesting, for that would distract attention from the sparkling dialogue; and it must be well seasoned with a strong political flavor. Nothing impresses your readers so much as an intimate acquaintance with legislation and cabinets and that sort of thing, and to acquire this intimacy it might be almost worth your while to spend an afternoon in the House of Commons just before you begin.

Attend now to this pretty opening shower of wheezes (though of course I would not use this vulgar term in writing for the public).

"Warm weather does not suit me," remarked Lady Oucherelab.

"No," replied Lord Beryrose. "It is like my party, out of place at present."

[To assist the reader in identifying living celebrities beneath the veil of art so cleverly thrown over them, I have invented this ingenious system of nomenclature. Many a family circle will be delighted by their cleverness in guessing who is really meant by Lord Beryrose, for instance: and afterwards they are sure to recommend the book to their friends.]

"You go to the House to-night?" she queried.

"As the plummet to its sounding," he retorted, with a half-ironical inclination.

The innuendo was lost upon Lady Oucherelab, but the significance of the tone arrested her attention. They were

standing in the ante-drawing room of the Duke of Lanecamber's mansion in Park Lane, and it was on the eve of a general election. Lord Beryrose expected to come into power again; his friends were less sanguine; while his enemies declared that his views on the subversion of undenominational loans would effectually bar the door. As Sir Manbanner Bellicam said—

"When any one can tell me which way the proletariat will vote, I can tell him where to look for the next Prime Minister."

[Does not this show an astounding knowledge of statecraft? Yet I had nothing by me but a Whitaker's Almanac when I wrote it.]

"Who is that young man with the pre-Raphaelite chin and the white shirt front?" asked a young girl of the man she was talking to.

This was Gwendolen Twodelltwyd, the most admired beauty of the season. Sir Manbanner compared her to an æsthetic mounted in mother-of-pearl, and the simile was generally considered appropriate. A man will often say the thing *de ri, leur* which a woman will think *au sérieux*. Or *vice versa*.

The man Gwendolen addressed was the Honorable Neil MacSwift, a rising under-secretary to the Budget. He replied with a smile.

[But this gentleman's epigrammatic response you can easily invent for yourself. The point I would have you note is the telling staccato of the style. The sentences seem quite separate and disconnected, and this is so unlike ordinary works of genius that it gives your pages an exceptionally brilliant appearance. It is also much easier to do.

We shall now perform a similar feat with the narrative and leap from his grace's reception into an incisive and masterly analysis of our heroine. Our readers, instead of feeling annoyed by this crevasse-vaulting, will only attrib-

ute to us a superhuman cleverness. "Such scintillating talent cannot be bound by ordinary rules," they will say.]

Gwendolen sat by the window. Her highly balanced nature shrank repugantly from the touch whereof was social annihilation. Strange, is it not, that when a woman lacks ought the world suffers accordingly?

[This is very searching.]

At fifteen she had been religious, at seventeen tall for her age, at twenty revaccinated, and now she was dressed in pale mauve. A woman who has been through these experiences can no longer be described by one adverb. *Au contraire*.

[The depths of woman's nature are here probed. Now, without any warning, for a skip into a lighter vein.]

At that moment Lord Belgravia entered.

"My watch has just stopped," he smiled.

"How like a watch!" she exclaimed. "Now, when mine stops, do you know what I do?"

"Wind it up," he suggested, "like a company?"

"No; I discard it, like a small suit."

Their eyes met, and both smiled. He thought he had never seen her wittier.

[And no more he had in the present volume.]

"Talking of suits," he observed, "I went to my tailor's this morning, and do you know what he said?"

"I cannot guess, unless it was to assure you that you could carry off a larger check than most men. Tailors generally say that, I believe."

"He did indeed suggest a larger cheque," he flashed. "And that is why I look depressed."

He passed his hand nervously across his flat white forehead and sat down upon the corner of the table. A man prefers a table to a chair, just as a Minister prefers a canon to a bishop-



ric. Socially this is right, anthropologically it is indifferent, occasionally it is immoral.

"I was dining last night with Mr. Fourbal," she said, presently. "How is it that when one dines with a statesman a cold *entrée* invariably follows the fish?"

"I have often wondered," he replied, with a sympathetic smile that seemed indefinitely to cement the understanding between them. "And another thing that perplexes me is where to look when I hear my title being announced in a loud whisper by my hostess."

Gwendolen laughed.

"It is just the same with me," she said, "when I overhear my host telling some inquisitive duchess that I am the cleverest girl in the room."

"You are frank," he smiled.

"And I am fond of oranges; so what virtue is left to strive after?"

[Observe carefully the ingredients of this salad of persiflage. They are all quite cheap and within the reach of the most moderately endowed author. Yet what an effect they have when skilfully mixed! The aristocratic allusions cost absolutely nothing: the most ordinary incidents of the dinner-table and the clothier's shop supply the groundwork; and the happy turns of phrase need scarcely half an hour's practice. Yet hundreds of pounds can easily be made in this way. Who would not be an author?]

Before finishing this letter I shall give you a short sample of another kind of necessary incident. It shows the statesman in *deshabille*—that is to say, gracefully unbending in the privacy of his retiring room in Downing Street. You yourself will feel when reading it an additional emotion of respect for one who can thus hob and nob with the Great: though, not to dismay you, I may admit at once that it was only by inquiring of a policeman at Charing

Cross that I discovered where that thoroughfare was situated.]

Fourbal's face relaxed into a smile.

"Really, politics amuse me almost as much as women," he remarked.

"You pay your profession a high compliment," said Lady Quithas, who had just looked in on her way from a *séance* at the Persian Embassy. "The enthusiastic Premier is so refreshing!"

"Oh, he only said that for your benefit, Lady Quithas," interposed Bobby Cravatte.

He was the Prime Minister's young cousin, spending the day with him on his way to Eton. Already he had discovered that eating bon-bons in Downing Street had not the same relish as *al fresco* junketing. To be young is to be juvenile, just as to be bald is to be hairless. Who has not made the same reflection once in an æon? And who has not forgotten it?

"Really, Fourbal, you must get a new tapestry for this room," said Lady Quithas.

"We have not yet paid the Exchequer," replied the statesman. "Everything at a discount—one thing at a time."

"Is that clever," asked Bobby innocently.

"It would be," replied Fourbal, "if —"

"If what?" said Bobby.

"If it were not," smiled the Premier, almost without any hesitation.

Does this sound a little silly? My dear nephew, people pay for it. Is it pointless? Well, you get your cheque. Am I sure it is worth doing? But an author must live. We cannot all be diamonds, but we can at least make passable paste. And, if we do not give the secret away ourselves, there are many millions of people in the world who will actually be deceived.

But is this honest, do you ask? My nephew, art is not morality—and if it

were, most of us would still remain untrammelled. Your affectionate and well-intentioned

Uncle.

#### VII.

*My dear Nephew*,—I have now provided you with a sufficient number of models to enable you to make a beginning, and it only remains to wish you good fortune in your mission. What I have endeavored to show you is how to make it pay (both as to pocket and reputation), assuming that, like so many other literary missionaries, you have nothing in particular to say and no very clear idea of how to say it.

Sometimes I may have seemed to conceal a trifle of unkindness beneath a studiously genial manner; but then you see I have literary ambitions my-

Blackwood's Magazine.

self, and, like Mr. Witwould and Mr. Petulant, I do enjoy being a little "severe." Nobody (unless it be you) is ever likely to heed what I say, even though my words were steeped in the acid of the most forgotten truth; so why should I not write to please myself?

Were there anything in letters corresponding to the studio and galleries where a painter learns his business, such instructions as I have given would be impertinently superfluous. But unluckily there is not, and each man must pick up the craft as best he can. Here—to change the simile a little—is a bundle of patterns. Of which stuff will you make your story? Or do you think that excellent opening in the City should be reconsidered?—Your affectionate and well-intentioned

Uncle.

### THE OBERLES.\*

BY HENRI BAZIN.

#### V.

##### THE FELLOW TRAVELERS.

The winter did not permit M. Oberlé's plan for the professional education of his son to be carried out exactly. The snow which lay on the heights of the Vosges made traveling difficult. Jean, therefore, could make only two or three visits with Wilhelm the foreman to the cuttings nearest Alsheim, on the lower slopes of the Vosges. Trips to more distant places were postponed to milder weather. But he learned to estimate the size and value of a fir or beech from the space

it occupied in the forest, the height of the trunk below the branches, and the appearance of the bark, which shows the health of the tree, combining these and many other facts with that divination which cannot be taught but which makes the expert. His father initiated him into the methods of manufacture and the management of machinery, the legal questions involved, and the traditions which for fifty years had been maintained by the Oberlés in their contracts for transportation and sale. He also introduced him to two officials of the Administration of Forests, in Strasbourg. They were very eager to help him, and proposed to Jean to explain by word of mouth the new laws of

\* Translated for The Living Age by Annie Dunbar Perkins.

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forestry of which he as yet knew very little. "Come and see me in my office," said the youngest, "we can talk about it, and I will tell you a lot of useful things that you will never find in books. For the law is the law, but the administration is a very different thing."

Jean promised to take advantage of this offer, but several weeks passed before he had time to go to the city. Then the month of March was warm and the snow melted, and much earlier than usual the streams were swollen and the crests of Vosges beyond Saint Odile appeared suddenly in their summer garb of dark and light green. The walks about Alsheim would soon be beautiful, such as the young man had pictured them in his childish recollections. Without being a model of family union, there had been no recurrence of painful scenes at home since the day after Jean's return. In each camp they watched and noted such words and acts as might some day serve as arguments, subjects of reproach, or discussion; but a sort of armistice had been agreed upon, for various reasons. M. Joseph Oberlé wished to be in the right in the eyes of his son, who was going to be useful to him, and did not intend to be accused of giving any provocation. Lucienne was enjoying the diversion brought into her life by the presence of her brother, and her interest in his travels and student experiences was not yet exhausted. Madame Oberlé feared that Jean would be unhappy and alienated by family quarrels. But at bottom nothing was changed. There was only a superficial gaiety, a semblance of peace, a truce. But precarious as was the harmony around him, Jean enjoyed it; he had passed so many long years in a moral solitude.

The annoyances and irritations came from outside, and they were not wanting.

Almost every day Jean was obliged to cross on foot the village of Alsheim which was built on each side of three roads forming a pitchfork, the handle on the side to the mountain and the two teeth towards the plain. At the junction stood the tavern of La Cigogne, entering the place like a wedge. A little farther, on the left hand road leading to Bernhardsweiler, lived the German workmen employed by M. Oberlé, lodged in small houses just alike, with little gardens in front. Thus, in whatever part of Alsheim Jean found himself, it was impossible not to read in the faces and actions of those he met judgments different but almost equally distressing. The Germans, better trained and more adaptable than the Alsacians, crowded into a corner of Alsheim by the animosity of a community on which they hoped to revenge themselves some day, having with it no bond of origin or relationship, or custom, or religion, had not and could not have for their employers, anything but an indifference or hostility visible enough in the salutes of the men and the furtive smiles of the women. But many of the Alsacians were still worse. It was enough to mark him for their disapproval that Jean had entered the works and was to be seen constantly with his father.

He felt himself surrounded with all the cautious contempt that poor people venture to show to their rich neighbors. The workmen in the forest, the laborers, women, children even, pretended not to see him when he passed. Others went into their houses. Others, the old men, watched him come and go as if he belonged to some other country. Those who showed any marks of respect were the tradesmen or the servants of the house and their relations. Jean found it hard to bear these wounds, and they re-opened as often as he stepped outside the park.

On Sunday, at church, in the white-washed nave, he watched for the arrival of Odile Bastian. In order to reach the seat which for many years had been used by the Bastian family, she was obliged to pass close to Jean. She would go by with her father and mother, and none of the three would appear to suspect that Jean was there, or Madame Oberlé, or Lucienne. She did not smile till mass was over, when she was going back down the path, but then she smiled at rows and rows of friendly faces, women, old people, big lads who would have died for her, choir boys swarming out of the sacristy door, to salute and surround and caress the daughter of M. Bastian, the Alsatian, the friend, the beloved of all the village. Doubtless she gave away no more than Madame Oberlé, but it was known that in her home there was no division, no treason, no difference except money between them and the other dwellers in the valleys and mountains of Alsace.

What did she think of Jean? She whose eyes never looked in vain did not look at him; she who used to speak when they met on the road did not speak to him.

Thus the first month of Jean's life in Alshelm passed by. Then came the spring. M. Joseph Oberlé waited two days longer and then noticing the buds of his birches shining in the light, said to his son: "You know enough of your business now to go alone to visit our wood-lots in the Vosges. You had better set out. This year I have made unusual purchases. I have fellings as far as La Schlucht, and when you have visited them all, you will have gone over almost all the Vosges. I will not give you any farther directions; you will notice everything closely and make a report in which you will set down all your observations on each felling."

"When can I go?"

"To-morrow, if you choose; winter is over."

M. Oberlé made this remark with the confidence of a man who had been obliged to know the weather as a peasant does, and who did know it. Before speaking, he had made a list of all the fellings bought by the house, either from the State or the Communes or from private persons, with careful notes as to their location on the mountain, and this list he gave to Jean. There were a dozen fellings scattered all along the Vosges from the valley of La Bruche to the north as far as La Schlucht.

The next day Jean put a change of linen and an extra pair of shoes in a bag, and was off to the mountain and the lodge of Heidenbruch without saying a word to any one.

The square house with its green shutters, the meadow and the forest around the clearing, looked as if a fire had devoured all the heather and grass, and left only the pines and beeches. Long trails of fog seemed to rise out of the ground, stretching upward and losing themselves in the low clouds sliding up from the valleys, towards the invisible monastery of Saint Odile. The dampness penetrated to the depths of the wood. It was everywhere. Drops of water stood on the points of the pine needles, rolled in spirals round the smooth trunks of the beeches, shone on the pebbles, and running along the ground or on the dead leaves, swelled the streams which could be heard on all sides.

Jean came forward to the green, painted fence that surrounded Heidenbruch, went through the gate and shouted gaily to the windows closed against the fog: "Hollo, Uncle Ulrich!"

A cap appeared behind the panes, the undress cap of an Alsatian woman who is saving her great black bows, and under the cap was the smile of an old friend.

"Lise, go tell my uncle I am here."

This time a window to the left flew open, and the shrewd face, keen eyes and pointed beard of M. Ulrich appeared framed in the two shutters thrown back on the white wall.

"Uncle, I have a dozen fellings to visit. I begin this morning, and I want you for my companion, to-day, to-morrow, every day."

"Twelve forest journeys!" answered his uncle, leaning his arms on the window sill. "That's a pretty little task you've laid out for me! Thank you for nothing, my friend." He contemplated his nephew as he stood in the fog, in his forest dress, with his strong virile face uplifted, and thought that one would have sworn that he was a French officer. Carried away all at once by this vision, he forgot to say whether or not he would go with his morning visitor.

"Hurry up, uncle, come along! Don't refuse me. We will sleep in the country inns, and you shall show me Alsace."

"I walked seven leagues yesterday, my friend."

"We'll only make six to-day."

"You really want me to come?"

"I have been away three years—only think, uncle Ulrich—and I have so much to learn!"

"All right, I will not refuse you, Jean. It makes me too happy to think you want me. There is another reason, too, why I accept the invitation and thank you for it. I will tell you presently what it is."

He shut the window. In the forest silence Jean heard him call to the old servant who was second in command at Heidenbruch.

"Pierre! Pierre! Ah, there you are! We are going into the mountain for twelve days; you will go too. Go pack my valise and put it on your back with my nephew's bag. Take your nailed shoes and your staff, and do you go

on one stage while we visit the felling. Don't forget my rubber coat and my pocket medicine-case."

As he entered the house Jean passed his uncle, full of business, radiant with delight, going into the parlor to take down from the wall a long copper object supported by two nails.

"What have you there, Uncle?"

"My spy glass."

"Such an old one?"

"I like it, my dear boy; it belonged to my grand-uncle Blehler; he saw the backs of the Prussians through it at Jena."

Half an hour later there appeared in the sloping meadow before the house, M. Ulrich, gaitered like Jean, wearing a soft hat, his glass in a case over his shoulder, his dog leaping about him; old Pierre, very grave and important, bearing on his strong shoulders a big bundle wrapped in cloth and fastened with straps; last of all Jean, bending over a military map which the others knew by heart, discussing which to follow, the baggage road or the footpath. It was soon settled. The servant began to descend, turning to the left in order to reach the village where they were to spend the night, while the uncle and nephew took a path half way up the mountain in a north-east direction.

"The longer the better," said M. Ulrich as the forest gloom received him. "I could wish all life were like this. Two people who understand each other, and a forest to cross! What a dream!" He half-closed his eyes, artist fashion, and breathed in the fog with rapture.

"Do you know, my dear Jean," he continued, with an air of making a very special confidence, "do you know that for the last three days it has been spring? That is my second reason!"

[The forester repeated with delight, what the manufacturer had said with indifference. By the same signs he



had realized that a new season was born. He pointed with his cane to the buds on the fir-trees, as red as the ripe berries of the arbutus, to the splintered bark of the beeches, the wild strawberry shoots along the stones. In the open road the north wind still blew, but in the ravines, the sheltered places, one could feel, in spite of the fog, that first warmth of the sun that thrills the heart of man, and touches the germ of plants.

All that day and those that followed, the uncle and nephew lived in the forest; they understood each other perfectly whether they chose to talk much and on all subjects, or whether they chose to be silent. M. Ulrich knew the forest and the mountain thoroughly, and enjoyed playing the guide to his nephew. Jean's ardent youth often amused him, and recalled days which had gone forever. The instinct of the hunter and forester which had slumbered in the heart of the young man, stirred and strengthened. But there were also moments of rage and rebellion, youthful threats, against which his uncle protested very feebly because in the depth of his heart they were his own. The cry of Alsace reached his ears for the first time, that cry which a stranger cannot hear and which the conqueror will not listen to, or try to understand.

For it was not only the forest that Jean saw, but the forest people, from the merchants and officials, feudal lords with an almost innumerable crowd of dependents, to the wood cutters, the overseers, the sledders, carters, charcoal burners, even to the vagrant folk, shepherds, pig-keepers, poachers, myrtle gatherers, and gatherers of mushrooms, strawberries and wild raspberries.

Introduced by M. Ulrich or passing along in his shadow, Jean excited no distrust. He talked freely with the common people; he breathed in their

words, their silence, the atmosphere in which he passed his days and nights, the very soul of his race. Many of the younger ones did not know France, and could not have said that they cared for her, and yet even these had France in their blood. They did not get on with Germans. A gesture, an allusion, a look betrayed the secret disdain of the Alsatian peasant for his conqueror. The feeling of bondage was everywhere, and everywhere the hatred for a master who knew no other way of governing than by fear.

There were young men too, with inherited traditions, who, loyal without any definite hopes, pitied the poor people of the forest and the plain, for the annoyances and indignities by which they were punished for the crime of regret. They recounted stories of tricks played on officials, gendarmes, forest guards, proud of their green dress and Tyrolese hats, stories of smuggling and desertion, of the *Marseillaise* sung in taverns with closed doors, fêtes on French territory, requisitions, pursuits—in fact the whole duel, tragic or comic, between the strength of a great country and the spirit of a small one. In times of sadness the thoughts of these young men, either from habit or inherited affection, fled across the mountain.

They fell in with old men, too, and it was M. Ulrich's delight to make them talk. When he met in the villages or on the roads a man over fifty years of age, whom he recognized for an Alsatian, he was generally recognized himself, and a mysterious smile prepared the way for the question of the master of Heidenbruch: "Hollo! is this another good friend? One of the country?" If M. Ulrich, from the expression of the face, the movement of the eyelids, a slight hesitation perhaps, saw that he had judged correctly, he would add in a low voice: "You look like a French soldier."

Then would come smiles, tears sometimes, a leap of the heart which showed itself on the face, pallors, flushings, pipes taken from the corners of lips, and often, very often, a hand would be raised, palm outwards, touching the border of the cap, and making the military salute as long as the two travellers were in sight. "Did you see that?" said Uncle Ulrich. "If he had had a bugle he would have played 'La Casquette.'"

Jean Oberlé talked constantly of France. He would ask, when they reached the crest of a mountain, "Are we far from the frontier?" He wished to hear more of Alsace in the "time of the kindly rule," as he called it. "How far was every one free? How were the cities governed? What was the difference between the French gendarmes of whom M. Ulrich spoke with a friendly smile as good fellows not too hard on the poor people, and the German ones, brutal spies and informers, never disavowed for any thing, execrated by all Alsace? What was the name of that Prefect of the first Empire who ordered built by the side of the roads of lower Alsace, stone benches two stories high so that the peasant women could sit down and rest upon the upper shelf the burden fastened on their backs? Who was he?"

"The Marquis of Lezay-Marnesia, my dear."

"Tell me the history of our painters? Of our former deputies, our bishops? Tell me how Strasbourg looked when you were young and what a sight it was when the military band played at Contades?"

M. Ulrich, with the joy of life renewed that mingles with our memories, recalled and related. As they went up or down the windings of the Vosges he recited the history of French Alsace. He had but to give way to his ardent heart. Sometimes

it brought the tears, sometimes songs—the songs of Nadaud, of Beranger, the *Marseillaise*, or old carols flung out to the forest arches.

Jean took such a passionate interest in these reminiscences of the former Alsace, he entered so naturally into the antipathies of the present, that his uncle, who had been at first delighted as at a sign of race, began to be disturbed. One evening they had given help to a former school-mistress forbidden to teach French and reduced to poverty because she was too old to get a German diploma, and Jean flew into a rage.

"My dear Jean," said his uncle, "do not go too far. You have to live with Germans."

From that time, M. Ulrich had avoided the subject of the annexation as much as possible. But alas! it was everywhere. The scenery, the slope of the land, the signs on the shops, the costume of the women, the type of the men, the sight of the soldiers, the fortifications on the top of a hill, a gibbet, the news in the paper bought in the Alsatian inn where they dined—each hour of the day recalled to one or the other of them, that Alsace was a country conquered but not won. It was in vain that M. Ulrich answered carelessly or hurriedly; he could not prevent Jean's thoughts from taking the road to the unknown. And as they climbed a pass of the Vosges, the older man saw with pleasure mingled with apprehension, that Jean always sought the western horizon and gazed long, as at a face he loved. Jean did not gaze so toward the east or south.

Two weeks were thus spent in visiting the Vosges forests, and in all that fortnight M. Ulrich only went back to Heidenbruch twice, for a few hours, each time. It was Palm Sunday when the final separation took place, in a village in the valley of Munster. It was in the evening, when all the val-

leys on the German side were blue and only a line of light still rested on the last fir-trees bordering the depth of shadow. M. Ulrich Biehler had already bade adieu to the nephew who in these fifteen days had become his dearest friend. The servant had taken the train the same morning for Obernai. Ulrich, with his coat collar turned up on account of the sharp cold, had just whistled for Fidèle and was going out of the inn, when Jean, in his blue hunting dress, and without his hat, came down the steps.

"Once more, adieu!" he said.

His uncle waved his hand to avoid the speech which might have betrayed his agitation.

"I will go as far as the last house in the village," continued Jean.

"Why, my dear boy—it will only prolong—"

Jean walked along beside his uncle, who kept his eyes fixed on the road. He continued, with something childlike and coaxing in his voice: "I am dreadfully sorry to part with you, uncle Ulrich, and I must tell you why. You understand, before one says twenty words; you never contradict one up and down. When you don't agree with me, I know it by the way you pinch your lips together and make the point of your white beard come up a little, and that is enough. You are tolerant, you never lose your self-control, and yet I feel that you are very decided. Other people's ideas might be your own, you understand them so well; you

respect the weak. I was not used to that on the other side of the Rhine."

"Bah! Bah!"

"I even understand your fears concerning me."

"My fears?"

"Yes; do you think I have not noticed that there is a certain subject in which I am passionately interested, on which you have not said a word for six days?"

This time his uncle turned his face full upon him with an anxious look. "My dear fellow, I did it on purpose. When you asked me questions I told you what we were and what we are now. And then I saw that I had better say no more, because it made you melancholy. It is all well enough for me to be melancholy, but you should start off like a young horse with a light burden." They had passed the last house. They were in the country, between a torrent full of great stones, and a crumbling path that higher up entered the forest.

"It's too late," said Jean, holding out his hand to his uncle and stopping him. "Too late! You have said too much, Uncle Ulrich. I feel myself as much of those times as you. And more's the pity, since to-morrow I shall climb to La Schlucht and see her; I shall say good-day to our dear country France!"

He laughed as he flung out these words, and M. Ulrich shook his head reprovingly, but he said nothing and disappeared in the fog.

*(To be continued.)*

## THE CULT OF EMOTIONS.

The Advance of Civilization is a catchword of our times, and possibly a somewhat over-rated catchword. It is the right thing now-a-days to proclaim the advance of civilization as the foremost aim of mankind, and the nation which can make the swiftest progress in the path is considered to be approaching the maximum of national happiness. Certainly the advance is to be measured by strides, and every year sees its blessings extended to some reluctant tribe which has hitherto stood outside their pale and shows no desire to take its place within.

The word is elastic. It includes new needs born by the thousand in the neurotic brains which we are beginning to consider normal, and it includes also the various physical and moral paps which go to supply them and enable them in their turn to generate fresh imaginary necessities. Need, as always, breeds supply, and after a time the need and its supply link so closely that one is implicit when the other is mentioned, and the one much enduring word civilization is stretched to cover both. Some day we may find that, like all elastics, its stretching powers are limited, and then, if we try to pack anything else within its circle, it will break and perhaps the reaction may take us back to simpler methods. But as yet we have not reached the limit, though we have stretched and strained after it, and nobody knows at all when we shall do so. A century ago, probably, our forefathers thought that the progress of civilization could hardly go much farther, but it only gathers force, not to say fanaticism, with the centuries. It is becoming habit. We will glance at the cause presently, but about the habit we shall all agree. It is like intoxication and grows on us.

We almost measure a man's refinement by the number of things he wants and supplies for himself. Year by year our fancied needs and their supply become more and more varied and artificial. We cry out for this and that as necessities of existence which our calmer and hardier forefathers regarded as luxuries easily dispensed with. We wring out comforts for ourselves from every force of physical and human nature, and after a surprisingly short time we regard these superfluities as essential conditions of life. Indeed they actually become almost essential, for our imagination asserts its subtle power of creating an unwholesome reality from a fixed habit of unreal thought.

The power of translating thought to reality is an integral part of the nature of imagination, and it has inspired a great deal of action and energy which in themselves are intangible possessions that no nation can expediently spare, and which have resulted in tangible possessions that are still more widely appreciated. Let imagination busy itself with wholesome matters touching a wider field than one's own personality, and the realities it produces will be wide and healthy too. But we have overstrained our imaginations by letting them work in the narrow and unwholesome area of our own requirements, and the realities they produce are no longer healthy. So soon, however, as we have once realized the results in the numberless refinements of civilization thus rendered essential to us, we shut our eyes to the weakening influence which such conditions exert,—we refuse to see that, in spite of splendid survivals of the old state of things, we are as a whole, softer, weaker, far less solid and

sturdy, mentally, physically and morally, than were our ancestors.

Civilization, in the modern interpretation of the word, is striking hard at the sane and wholesome poise of our mental balance. Already we can hardly distinguish our real requirements from those we materialize from our own brains. To meet our half-phantom needs, we are well content to make our modern life one of incessant strain and stress. The rush of life gets its strongest impetus from them, and the rush is so universal that each man of the crowd pushes his neighbor and is pushed himself, till it is becoming almost impossible to stand sanely aside and watch it go by.

That this is a fair statement of the condition in which we find ourselves to-day, I think few will deny, and the result is sufficiently serious and alarming. Our nerves are strung to meet ordinary requirements and will not stand the extraordinary strain we are imposing on them. In every direction of human activity we see the dominant influence of overstrung nerves, and they are directly responsible for three-fourths of the currents of modern thought and action over which level-headed men and moralists alike lament.

Nobody can maintain that moralists and level-headed men are always synonymous; which is an unfortunate fact no doubt, but a fact that in many cases remains. And the moralists' lament does not, in the large majority of instances, go to the root of this matter. It is not our morals that are wrong; it is not want of good morality that makes so many of us think wrongly and therefore act wrongly. So far as theoretic morals go, we are safe enough, safer perhaps than we have ever been before. Our ideals are high, and our reverence for them is grounded deep in the nation's heart. We aim as a whole at a high standard of

clean and kindly thought and life. It is not our want of a high morality or of belief in it that produces perfervid and shallow agitators for change in every direction, that writes books which would be much better unwritten, and that supplies followers to every man who cries that he can lead. No, it is something apart from our morals, it is the love of emotions springing from harassed and overstrung nerves. Nerves worked too hard turn instinctively to stimulant, the more morbid the better, for the stimulant of morbid action, or thought, or spectacle, is the greatest that can be obtained. Like every stimulant, it has a serious reaction, and in the reaction diseases of thought and view are developed; but for the time the stimulant is effectual.

We are naturally something of a stolid people. If we were not, we should not stand high among the nations as we have done and do. Great is stolidity, for this it has gained us! Gallantry in feats of arms, and genius, and diplomatic skill will do much, and we have them all, but it is the cool patience which continues on its course despite everything that wins the front place and keeps it, and this quality only the stolid have. Given a nation with any amount of pluck and genius and gallantry, and these only, and if it gain the front place, it will not keep it, for others with an equal or perhaps superior equipment of these things will try to shoulder it out; sooner or later persistent shouldering will cause its first enthusiasm to flag; before long it will get discouraged, and at last it will nervously back out of the way. But add a fair share of steady-nerved stolidity, and it does not matter who shoulders it; its nerves are not affected, it will not budge an inch from the ground it has gained, and with slow patience it will gradually edge a little more and still a little more forward.



The men who built our empire were not high-strung lovers of emotions, any more than are the men who keep it, or the empire-makers who still add to it. They are stern, cold, restrained, holding in and back from waste of force in emotion; they are men who know that vital force is capable of better things, and refuse to squander it by letting their nerves run riot; they are men who compel their way ahead by sheer solid and stolid weight. Behind it, it is true, are fire and swoop and swiftness, but the calm-nerved stolidity is continuous and the flash and the swoop only occasional, and effectual then because restrained so long. When vitality is squandered in the direction of excitement and emotions, there is none left to make enduring qualities from; it has fermented until it is worthless. The morbid seeking to satisfy emotions has accompanied the decadence of nations before, and if we are not careful will sap our national strength and bring us down from our high place. We have confidence in ourselves, and this confidence has been justified a thousand times, for it has been founded on the rock of ourselves. Our confidence remains, but what will happen if the rock is being undermined? It is no good to point to this or that man whose force has dominated his fellows and led them to results which equal the greatest achievements of saner times, and to declare that such men prove their nation to have as fine material as ever. They do prove it. Who contests it? The fine material is not used up; nay, there is still a large amount in its raw state that as yet has not deteriorated at all. But if the means of preserving it fall, we are in a bad way. And with a morbid craving for excitement eating more and more into our life, with the restlessness and strain and want of pause that produce that craving always at work, we are bound to seek and

satisfy ourselves with stimulants and mental food that are unhealthy because the craving they satisfy is unhealthy, and that cannot produce strong and healthy minds and actions.

It is rather the fashion nowadays to cry out on the degenerate taste that finds satisfaction in watching every change of expression on the face of a man on trial for his life. It is true that it is only a more subtle form of the pleasure that some southern nations have found in sports which we term brutal. But it is a much more serious matter, for the seeking for emotional excitement is not an intrinsic point of the English character, and when a nation exhibits signs of morbid tendencies entirely alien to its natural temperament, it is time to examine the cause with the fear of results before our eyes. The sight of torture is one that rouses jaded nerves, and through them emotion, as hardly anything else will do. Mental torture we declare ourselves pitiful over (and so in fact we are), but we cannot show it because our harassed nerves cry out for something that will rouse them from the irritable torpor that we instinctively feel is not health. We are pitiful over the tortured, but still I am not using sarcasm when I say that if there is a chance of watching his torture we cannot deny ourselves. Therefore when a public exhibition is given of a peculiarly painful case, we crowd to look on, and note with morbid intentness every detail of the agony. The virus of emotional analysis is spreading, and is gnawing at the root of strength of brain and character. We are losing much that we cannot afford to lose, and if the inner national strength is destroyed our outward and visible strength must eventually vanish also.

The same tendency shows dangerously in our lighter literature and in our drama. If we cannot have un-

wholesome excitement furnished to us by our fellows (and we prefer realism when we can get it) then we will have it in semblance. Consequently we write novels dealing with problems which cannot be fairly discussed in fiction owing to the necessities of the very nature of fiction, and plays which *analyze*, with the sole view of stimulating our emotions and playing on our passions. We are not even over particular as to the verity of the process. So long as there is analysis of something morbid or prurient, we consider that we have the essential, and whether the truth may or may not be present is a matter about which we do not over much concern ourselves. An artificial chemical compound, provided only that it be well arranged and give out a pungent odor, will do as well as one of nature's providing; even though the odor be nasty the pungency is always stimulating. But it must not be too prolonged, lest it lose its power. In literature of more wholesome type, we feel this still more strongly. What chance would a book of the length to which our older novelists used to extend theirs have with us now? None whatever. The action must be sharp and rapid, the excitement must never flag, and the climax must not be too long delayed,—this is an essential point with us if we may not have *character*—*analysis*, or, as we should in most cases say if we spoke accurately, *analysis of emotion*. Still the two show strong symptoms of becoming identical.

In theology, the creeping paralysis of this cult of emotions shows even more unmistakable signs. Where is the religious faddist who cannot find followers by the score if only he be sufficiently blatant? We bid fair to lose the dignity, and almost the power, of self-control in this as in other directions. One of the most successful religious organizations of the day, the Salvation Army, scores its triumphs mainly by

undisguised appeal to emotions of the obvious primitive kind. Yet now even they must look to their laurels if they would not be outdone, for dignified bodies struck by their success are copying them on a slightly staidler scale, and individuals who are not dignified at all, have but to cry aloud that they have a divine commission, and lo! we wish to behold, even if we scoff as well,—for is it not a new sensation? It is true these things do not last. If sometimes they did show some signs of permanence, perhaps they would be a less grave sign of mischief. But the steadfast holding to a belief, such as fitted our forefathers, is not for the majority of us. We are even a little inclined to think that it shows restricted mental power. A man who in old days was supposed to know something of his subject wrote contemptuously of those who were carried about by every wind of doctrine, that they were "children," but we know that this man had seen Deity face to face, and, as our newer enlightenment would doubtless explain, the interview must have confused him and made his after views of truth comparatively valueless.

Where is this yielding to neurotic emotions going to end? Must overstrung and overtired nerves acquired by heredity (for it is coming to that now), and aggravated by the very atmosphere of our social system, end in the sinking of our sane and steadfast national character in a morass of hysterical cravings and hysterical deeds? Unless some check can be applied, it looks like it. It is true the disease is not fully developed, is, it may be, only in its initial stage. But no symptoms of it are wanting, and symptoms are bound to develop unless they receive attention. Even the classes which are to some extent protected by mental powers trained through generations to wholesome poise, are becoming infected by it. We find military officers of

high rank, who, when confronted by a serious position, lose their heads, and afterwards wall out denials of the fact with hysterical repetitions that no device will avail to silence. We find the masses and the classes at one in an equally hysterical outburst of adulation and enthusiasm offered to men who have made desolate thousands of English homes, and whose tactics, in accomplishing this achievement, only a short time ago brought on them deep and well-deserved reproaches from the very lips that are now loud in their praise. Emotion! emotion! there is the key to it all. Let everything go, if we can but indulge our growing tendency to rouse and satisfy emotion.

When the reaction that follows an outburst sets in, we come to a calmer frame of mind, and are a little ashamed of ourselves, and we write articles and make allusions in our speeches to show that our outbursts are at root entirely different from those of some of our excitable southern neighbors. While we admit that there is a striking resemblance, we comfort ourselves with the reflection that they spring from entirely diverse sources. But this is nonsense. We are in a less advanced stage of the fever, and that is all we can truthfully say, for the same infection is in us. Its incubation is slow; but its later stages, on which we are entering, are more rapid; its end is national decay—maybe, national destruction. The phrase sounds strong, but it is not a whit stronger than those that half the world's newspapers applied not long ago to a nation suffering from the same worship of emotions in a more advanced stage. If, as some have thought, the exhibition of disease in unveiled horror is an object lesson that carries its own cure, we had one then, and we were not sparing of our denunciations. "Decadent" was the mildest term to fling at France when she howled over the

Dreyfus case, and I have not seen that anyone has thought it necessary to retract that verdict. Such a condition must of necessity develop with us too, slowly, it may be, but surely, if emotions are allowed to assume the mastery of us, for beyond doubt it is the most responsive side of a man that will govern him if he yield to it, be the process never so gradual. If we continue this mad craze for emotions, it is the cause that appeals most powerfully to us on that side that will win our adherence.

Now a party can make very dramatic appeals, can put its case in a way that will give a good many pleasurable and exciting sensations. And the thrills that you will experience in an enthusiastic support of your party are many, and by no means to be despised. A political party is a well fenced-in affair; the excitement is confined to comparatively few, and therefore they feel it in all its invigorating force. Love of country is a much wider and nobler thing, but, save for the temporary fits of military ardor which come and go, we do not find it easy to get emotional satisfaction from it, and before this worship of hysteria true patriotism is bound to vanish, as we have seen it vanish in other nations.

It is a base thing, this new cult of ours, and must show constantly increasing baseness. For, until we become experts at playing melodrama to ourselves, we shall find that our country's enemies will frequently put their case with greater picturesqueness than we put our own. In this direction we have many object lessons before our eyes. Let our enemies but get their views presented with adequate dramatic point, and with a due appeal to our feelings, and Englishmen whom a saner generation would have scouted as mad, or worse, rave and rant in their support, and find no abuse too violent to fling at their fellows who

have maintained a steady head and are behaving as loyal and gallant Englishmen have always done.

Some of these facts have been noticed by observant eyes, and ascribed to dread of pain, to cosmopolitanism, to wider knowledge shutting out narrower virtues,—as if wider knowledge ever did, or ever will do that. They are due to none of these causes; the mischief goes deeper. Hysteria is asserting its place in our national temperament, and so long as we refuse to recognize the fact it will grow worse, and hysteria spells weakness in letters so

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large that we cannot long refuse to read them. Let us continue to give way to this weak and weakening love of emotions, as we are now giving way to it, and we shall finally find ourselves sinking in that morass which we have considered not unsuitable for others, but which is deeper than the lowest depths that we have ever contemplated for ourselves. We and the world alike must suffer,—to what bitter extent only Fate can show—if this new strain in us prove as ineradicable as it is far-spreading.

*G. Woodhams.*

#### AN OLD ACCOUNT BOOK.

It is a little, faded, withered booklet, with a cover like dried piecrust and a back of yellow calf. It was thumbed and worn and weather-stained in the reign of Queen Anne, for it served as a pocket Encyclopædia in 1709 and gave information on every possible subject—political, astrological, and meteorological—for the whole of the forthcoming year of 1710. Its puffy little covers bulged even then with self-importance, as it revealed the future by aid of "Mathematicks and the Caelestial Sciences"; and its pages were fringed with little paper curls and crumbling from over-diligent fingering when Louis XIV. sat on the throne of France and Marlborough fought at Malplaquet. They crumble most at those places where Merlinus Anglicus Junior deals brave blows at the French king and calls him the "Grand Thief of Europe," or the "Bloody Tyrant"; and the page that foretells the exact date on which "The Great Disturber of Europe will have his Nails so par'd, that he will never be able to disturb Quiet any more, God, the

Queen and Parliament of Great Britain," was tattered by approving thumbs nearly two centuries ago. There are pages of these prophecies, and quite a reasonable percentage of them were fulfilled; and there are weather forecasts so assured of themselves that they give—in January—the weather for twelve months ahead, and fix "Clouds flying" for September 20, 1710, and "now slabby and cold rain" for October 9. There are advertisements, too, of "Artificial Teeth set in so well as to eat with them and not be discovered from Natural"; and the announcement that "Francis Moore, Licensed Physician and Student in Astrology, at the Sign of *Old Lilly*, near the Old Barge House in Christ-Church Parish, Southwark," was prepared to cure all sorts of agues at one dose, "by the Astrological way, which is surest, without seeing the Patient"; and similar things of great use for a gentleman living far away from London—in Surrey. But of more use than all were the blank pages sandwiched in between these words of wisdom, and

on them the Surrey gentleman wrote all his household expenses from day to day.

We know he was a Surrey gentleman because of the frequency with which some such item occurs as: "For things I bought at Godalminge Faire, 00. 12. 00.": or "April 20, 1710. Spent at Guildford in Wine and Coffee, 00. 03. 06"; but we do not know his house, nor even his name, although we can build up the picture of a comfortable English home in the reign of Queen Anne from the conscientious entries of all the ways in which he spent his money day by day, and put all down in the little cramped writing that fills these leaves. There are his charities, all entered carefully, and telling of the times: "To a poor Souldjer" comes so often that one can fill in the details of England swarming with the derelicts of Blenheim and Ramillies, begging their way through the country; and the large sum of sixpence stands against each entry. "To a poor Clergyman, one shilling" comes on March 15, 1710, and this follows so closely on the trial of Dr. Sacheverell a mere fortnight before that the generous gift must have been inspired by the fact that this was one of the fulfilled prophecies of the little book, which forecasts for the end of February "an Eminent Church Man call'd in Question." Generosity accounts for much; and the constant recurrence of such items as "to Mr. Conway's maid one shilling," "to Mr. Otway's man and maid one shilling and sixpence" must have made a large total at the end of a year.

The wages in the reign of Queen Anne give a valuable standard of the purchasing power of money then: "Aug. 26, 1700. To Jane Hedger for her year's Wages ended ye 18 Instant £3. 0. 0." "Oct. 31, 1709. To Tho: Edgler for his year's wages ended the 3rd of Octob: £3. 0. 0." "Sept, 7, 1709. To Goody Ford for her Daughter

Lydia's wages (10 months) £2. 10. 0." When servants did not earn twopence a day, labor was cheap: "June 26, 1709. To Tho: Cheynell for 5 days and a half fetching Wood and Faggotts for me with his two horses and his son: 00. 13. 06." With 6d. a day as a fair wage for anyone the crushing weight of the taxes under Good Queen Anne can be appreciated by the following: "A book was then made (January 1709) by Sam. Child, overseer of the poor, which comes to £91. 10. 00. My tax comes to £9. 01. 00." Clearly this Surrey gentleman had to pay the tenth of the whole district's poor rate. But this was not all. Again in January comes "For my Tenths £1. 14"; on Feb. 24 is "ye third payment of ye Queen's Tax £5. 17. 01. to Ed. Baxter;" on March 24 is "to Mr Perry £10. 0. 0.: Lady Day"; and on April 25 is "to Ed: Baxter for ye 4th payment of ye Queen's Tax £5. 17. 01." There is another tax that has its story. "On April 15 1709 To Ed. Baxter for ye Window Lights ten shillings." This was the window tax duty, first imposed in 1695 to defray the expenses of calling in the debased coinage so much clipped and depreciated in the Stuart reigns. It will be seen that these taxes amount to nearly 30l. in four months, out of a total expenditure in the same months of 88l. 10 s. 3d., nearly a third of the whole. It must have needed some philosophy to pray "God bless Great Anne our Queen" in these circumstances; and with household necessities so very dear too.

We can picture the living in those days from the cost of the items in these little pages. The house must have been dark o' nights with candles at five shillings and twopence a dozen and "Oyl" a shilling the pint; and they sat round the one light in the long evenings, for there is "For mending ye Lanthorn 10d.;" and the frequency of "For Worstead, 6d." shows that the



only possible thing to do was to knit. Rushes, and sand, must mean that these covered the floors; and as they cost a shilling each time (a pig cost only two shillings) they were as lavishly used as was decorous in the house of a man of quality. "A Tub of Sope 9 shillings and 6d.," and again "Four dozen of Sope eight shillings" are suggestive items; but they did their own washing, for starch is entered fairly often. They brewed their own ale too, for there is a separate page devoted thus: "Anno Dom. 1709-10 an account of what malt I have had of Mr. Otway of Godalminge." And they must have made cowslip wine, for there stands the entry of payment for the cowslips and 1s. 6d. "for a grose of corks." We can find out what dinners they ate in 1709, for it is all down neatly. Vegetables are the largest items, "Turneps, Cowcumbers, Carrots, Onions" are almost daily, pears by the bushel, and cheese by the hundredweight; "For a 100 weight of cheese £1. 8. 0. For ye carrying of it home, one shilling." Eggs and currants and lemons and oatmeal in quantities; anchovies and capers, and many chickens. Goody Francis was paid 5s. 6d. on May 20, 1709, for eleven chickens, and Goody Ford had 8s. 6d. for seventeen pounds of butter. A pheasant was 1s. and two woodcocks cost 10d., and 200 heads of asparagus for 1s. 6d.; but "Collyflowers" were very dear at 11d. for two in days when a yoke of oxen cost 10l. Meat is not often mentioned, but when bought it is in such large quantities that it must have been for salting: "Feb. 6, 1710 To Quennell ye butcher of Chiddingfold for 15 stone of beef £1. 7. 6." "Mackerell" was had once, and salt fish at 4s. 6d., and 200 oysters at two shillings; and once they paid 1s. 6d. for prawns, but how prawns got to the neighborhood of Godalming in those days is past finding out. Incomprehensible also

is why ten shillings was paid "To Goody Mellersh for 28 pd.  $\frac{1}{2}$  of Clover"; and why did they buy "popples"? Sugar is only mentioned once, for it was as great a luxury as mace and nutmegs, which cost 2s. 9d.; and tea also only once, and that is the subject of a little revelation. There is one page that is filled up with repetitions of "Lent to Coz. Jenny Allott," with different amounts on dates extending from February 10, 1709, to July 29, 1710, when they cease suddenly. One item is: "Paid for her to Mr. Lan: Elliot for half a pd. of tea 6 shillings and 4 pence." And although the writer was a just man and a thrifty, there is no sign that he was ever repaid.

Although he was frugal in his own expenditure he was lenient to his wife's extravagance and advanced her money—though under protest. On April 24 he paid: "To my Wife £5 due to her at Midsummer next"; but in August he felt it his duty to curb her, and he wrote on Aug. 29, "To my Wife in full of ye £5 due to her at Xmas next, £4 0. 0." Which was a severe lesson. But the little brown pages are very human; for on January 5 the neat, small writing grows straggly as it says: "To Mr. Young for a Token 5s; To ye Servants (by my wife) 5s; to ye Midwife (Tickner) 10s; to ye Nurse (Chitty) 5s."; and the good man gives 2d. to "a Fidler" immediately. Perhaps his wife was much younger than he, and that was why he kept the accounts so carefully; and she was not strong, for there is a guinea to Dr. Sheppard and several items of 2s. 6d. for medicines. She must have been his second wife too, for there are letters from "my son Jo: at Oxon," who had spent 2l. 10s. on shirts, and required 30l. 15s. to pay his University charges for "Midsummer and Michaelmas"; and then there was "Betty." Betty must have been Jo's sister, and she was spoilt by her father; for what can one think of such

extravagances as these: "For moslyn ten shillings: for a fan mountinge 1 shilling and 3d.," followed by "For Bettys' stays to Mr. Day £1"; and "For five yards of stuff for Betty three shillings," and "8 Ells of Holland" (which was 4s. 6d. an ell); and powder (for her hair) at 1s. 4d., and buckles (for her shoes) at 1s., and a pair of stockings at 3s. 6d., and "Dying Betty's Gown" for 4s. 6d. After such preparations for a rout it is no wonder that the next expenses are: "To Mr. Withbrooke for Daffy's Elixir: For Spirit of Hartshorn: For a Purge for Betty 1s. 6d." On his own personal adornment the good man spent little; there is "for looping and buttons 2s. 1d.," "to Hart ye collar-maker 3s.," "to Tickner for 3 pair of shoes 9 shillings," and then "to Mr. Day ye Taylor for making my Calamanco Wastcoate and breeches seven shillings," and to "ye Barber sixpence." We know his dress, therefore, and we know his habits. He was an angler, for he paid eightpence

for fishing tackle; and a horseman, for the expenses of horseshoes, saddle, and bridle are noted; and a farmer, for he paid wages to his haymakers and gave "to my 4 servants for Hay Gloves four shillings." He was a great letter writer, for there are nineteen entries of the cost of his letters, which varied from 4d. to 1s. 9d. each; and a great smoker, for he paid ten shillings for "6 pounds of Tobacco"; and a very moderate drinker, for there is only one pint of sack, at 1s. 6d., in all the accounts. He was a politician, too, for on October 11, 1709, he spent "at ye Election at Guildford three shillings and eightpence"; and a good Churchman, for he gave 5s. 5d. at "the Synod," and 3s. 6d. at "ye Visitation," and a shilling to the Apparitor. And he was a very generous friend and a ready lender; until the last item in the book shows why several pages are still blank. "On August 14, 1710, Sarah Blaze came to live with us." That is evidently the end; there was no more to be said.

The Cornhill Magazine.

Lillian C. Smythe.

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### THE TEUTON TO HIS TURKISH SULTANA.

[The sudden revulsion, shown in the postscript of this letter, from an attitude of easy assurance, must be attributed to the firmness of MR. BALFOUR (totally unexpected after the Venezuelan amenities) in declining to allow the British Government to subsidize a Baghdad Railway under German control. The somewhat premature Orientalization of the Teuton is here indicated by his adoption of the methods of OMAR KHAYYAM through the medium of the English version.]

Wake! for the Eastern Sun of Promise shines  
On your Commercial Baghman's bold designs;  
And let us trip together, *Me* and *You*,  
Along a Railway run on German lines.

Come, fill the Cup! Two Swallows make a Spring;  
The Season urges us to take our Fling;  
The British Pigeon shows a clear intent  
To flutter; yea, the Bird is on the Wing.

A Stoup of Lager 'neath the Prussian Blue,  
A Song of Stony Araby, and *You*

*The Teuton to His Turkish Sultana.*

Somewhere beside *Me* on the frizzling Waste—  
The Desert were a Paradise for Two.

Let not the *What-for* hold your heart in thrall,  
Nor be concerned about the *Wherewithal*;  
But simply lift, my Rose, your almond eyes  
To read the Underwriting on the Wall.

There was the Door through which I could not see;  
Long had I looked and failed to find the Key;  
Then came the British Ass and leaned thereon,  
And straight the Road was clear for *You* and *Me*.

Anon the Mails of Ind that move too slow  
Shall be extracted from the P. & O.,  
And those loquacious Vessels cry in vain  
"We come by Water; like the Wind we go!"

Whether at Baghdad or at far Koweit  
We manage, for the moment, to alight,  
Ah! take their Cash and let their Counsel slide,  
Nor heed the murmurs of the Muscovite!

They say the Bear is sore about the Head,  
And means to paint Someone or Other red;  
Whereat my Eagle lightly hoots *Pip-pip*,  
And leaves the Lion wrestling in his stead.

So, Love, shall *You* and *I* 'gainst him conspire  
To grasp the Teuton Scheme of Things entire,  
To purchase for a Song the old Combine,  
And reconstruct it to our Heart's Desire.

\* \* \* \* \*

P.S.—The Moving Finger wrote this much  
When lo! the Vision vanished at a Touch!

Me never thought that *Balfi* had the nerve  
Thus to elude the Potter's closing clutch.

The Potter of Potsdám with little pains  
Ere now has thumb'd at will those plastic Brains;  
What of the new Design he had in hand?  
The Pots have bolted, and the Dám remains!

Punch.

Owen Seaman.

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Miss Fanny Byse is about to publish a work entitled "Milton on the Continent" in which she maintains that she has discovered the key to the questions when and where "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso" were written.

Now and then there are profits in book-collecting which exceed the wildest dreams of avarice. For example, there was recently sold at London for \$700 a copy of the first edition of Keats's poems, which was purchased by the late owner for fifty cents.

The will of the late Mr. Augustus Hare was proved at about \$110,000. There were no fewer than eighty-four legatees named in the document. The bequests extended even to his "little dog Nero" which was confided to his housekeeper.

Apropos of a short story by the late Frank Norris, which contains in miniature the work which he intended to develop in the third volume of his wheat trilogy "The Wolf", The Academy remarks:

It seems to us not unlikely that this story was the first condensed draft of the projected novel. A few novelists—those who do not mind laboring at their art—make it a rule to work out their schemes not only in bare detail, but with considerable fulness—even to suggested dialogue, and so on. One writer of distinction makes a first sketch which often runs to twenty thousand words.

In reviewing Mr. Fraser's book "America at Work", the Athenæum made the not unnatural mistake of assuming that the so-called "flat-iron" building in New York was a synonym of sky-scrapers in general. Mr. Joseph

B. Gilder wrote as follows in correction of the error:

In noticing "America at Work" last week you speak of "the so-called 'flat-irons,' or buildings of from twenty to thirty stories in height." At the intersection of Broadway, Fifth Avenue, and Twenty-third Street, New York, there is a small triangular plot of land the base of which rests on Twenty-second Street. From its peculiar shape this block has long been known as "The Flat-iron." When the small shops and office buildings that stood on it were replaced last year by the present twenty-story "sky-scraper"—which is by no means the tallest, though it is perhaps the most conspicuous building in New York—it was popularly christened "The Flat-iron Building," which title is usually abbreviated by dropping the last word. The cover of Mr. Fraser's book is embellished with a picture of this building, and your reviewer has been misled into thinking that "flat-iron" is the generic name of the inordinately high buildings erected of late years in the principal American cities. Had this error occurred in a less authoritative periodical than the *Athenæum* I should not have taken the trouble to point it out; but by doing so I have perhaps saved some future editor of the "New English Dictionary" from citing your review as the first printed article in which the word "flat-iron" was used as a synonym for "sky-scraper."

But the funny thing is that the *Athenæum* sticks to its position. It admits that Mr. Gilder undoubtedly gives the origin of the name, but it holds that not only the illustrations but the text of Mr. Fraser's book "seem to show that he at least has generalized the term 'flat-irons' as useful for the narrow iron-framed houses of from twenty-two to thirty stories in height.

## THE SONG OF RE-BIRTH.

In the light of the silent stars that  
shine on the struggling sea,  
In the weary cry of the wind and the  
whisper of flower and tree,  
Under the break of laughter, deep in  
the tide of tears,  
I hear the Loom of the Weaver that  
weaves the Web of Years.

\* \* \* \* \*

The green uncrumpling fern and the  
dew that dims the rose  
Are mingled into the silence where the  
wings of music close,  
Mingled into the Timeless that never  
a moment mars,  
Mingled into the Darkness that made  
the sun and stars.

\* \* \* \* \*

One with the flower of a day, one with  
the withered moon,  
One with the granite mountains that  
melt into the noon,  
One with the dream that triumphs be-  
yond the light of the spheres,  
We come from the Loom of the Weav-  
er that weaves the Web of Years.

*Alfred Noyes.*

"My ship comes sailing from the West,  
And her name is called 'The Sailor's  
Rest';

And the bravest man of all her crew,  
Her captain, is my lover true."

"O never will that ship come home,  
Wherever she be sailing from;  
I warmed my hands beneath the  
stars

By a fire made of her broken spars.

"And three days dead the Captain lay,  
But how he died no man may say:  
I laid him out by the pale moon-rise,  
And made a shroud of the 'broider-  
les.

"With coral and gold I weighted him,  
And still he was light enough to swim,  
With silver chains I bound him down,  
There was never a corpse so hard to  
drown.

"His black hair lines an eagle's nest  
On a sea-girt cliff in the lonesome  
west;

Now jet for coral there must be  
And instead of amber, ebony."

*Mrs. Lockwood Kipling.*

WHEN MY SHIP COMES HOME  
FROM SEA.

"O a golden comb for golden hair,  
And milk-white pearls for a neck as  
fair;  
And silver chains, and all for me,  
The day my ship comes home from  
sea!

"O silken 'broideries, green and blue,  
And wrought with crimson thro' and  
thro',

With coral and amber; all for me,  
The day my ship comes home from  
sea!"

"And where is the good ship sailing  
from  
That brings these brave things safely  
home?  
And by what name do you hail her  
free,  
And who is her captain on the sea?"

## GOOD-BYE.

Good-night, and wings of angels  
Beat round your little bed,  
And all white hopes and holy  
Be on your golden head!

You know not why I love you,  
You little lips that kiss;  
But if you should remember,  
Remember me with this:

He said that the longest journey  
Was all on the road to rest;  
He said the children's wisdom  
Was the wisest and the best;

He said there was joy and sorrow  
Far more than the tears in mirth  
And he knew there was God in Heaven  
Because there was love on earth.

*Rennell Rodd.*